Methodist Magazine and Review.

FEBRUARY, 1897.

THE STORM CENTRE OF EUROPE.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

The story of the Turkish Empire is like the book described in the Revelation, "written within and without with lamentations and mournings and woe." That Empire is the great anachronism of the Nineteenth Century, a survival of mediaeval despotism and barbarism. The recent Armenian atrocities are but a repetition of many similar crimes, the filling up of the cup of its iniquity.

No account of the present crisis is complete that does not describe the centuries of misrule and the causes leading to these disastrous results. The fidelity throughout the centuries of persecution of the ancient Armenian Church, is one of the most heroic in the annals of Christendom. In no other volume that we know have these features of the present crisis been detailed so ably and fully as in the book under review. *

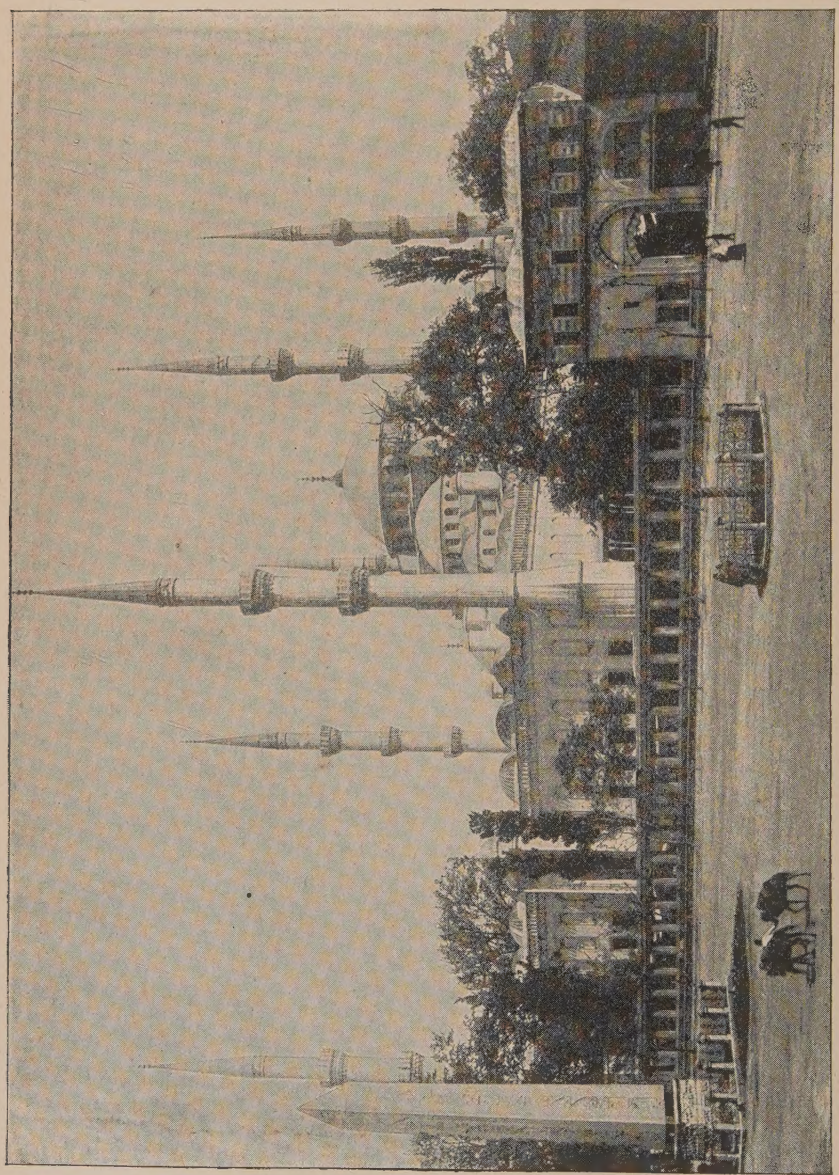
Probably no two men living are better qualified to treat this theme than the author of this book and Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, who were both for many years missionaries in Turkey. It gives a survey of the rise and decline of the Ottoman power, of the ancient Oriental Churches—Syrian, Chaldean, Nestorian, Jacobite and Armenian. It records the efforts of reform and progress under pressure of the European governments. It recites the marvellous record of Protestant missions in Turkey, and the condition of the Christian people. It describes the religious persecutions which they have undergone, the emergence of the present Armenian crisis, the Christian massacres throughout Asia Minor, the relief work which has been undertaken, and discusses the probable outcome in the partition of Turkey and great political crises to which the collapse of that Empire, so honeycombed with iniquity, corruption and fraud, shall give rise.

The "Sick Man" of Europe has been a chronic invalid for more than a century. At times his illness has become acute, as during the Greek revolt of 1821, the Crimean war of 1853 to 1855, the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 and 1878, and at the present crisis.

The present decrepitude of the Ottoman Empire can give no idea of its strength in the fiery zeal of its youth, nor of the apprehensions which it caused throughout Europe. For two hundred years the tide of battle ebbed and flowed across the great Hungarian Plain, between Vienna and Belgrade; and Austria became in the sixteenth century, as Spain had been in the eighth, the bulwark of Christendom. A new crusade was waged by the Christian powers, not

* "Turkey and the Armenian Atrocities." By the Rev. Edwin M. Bliss, assisted by the Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D.D., with an introduction by Miss Francis E. Willard. Profusely illustrated. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 574. Price, Cloth, $1.50. From this book, by the courtesy of the publishers, the illustrations which accompany this article are taken.

to wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the power of the Turks, but to prevent the subversion of the Christian faith in its very strong-



SQUARE OF THE ATMEIDAN AND MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

On the left is an obelisk from Luxor, Egypt, and on the right is the column of serpents whose three heads formed the tripod in which the priestess sat who uttered the famous oracles in Delphi, Greece. The mosque is the most interesting building in Constantinople, famous for its mosaics and pillars, many of which came from the temple of Diana at Ephesus.

It is strange that the power which was long the standing menace of the other nations of Europe should now exist only by

holds. The corsair fleets of the Turks swept the Mediterranean, and the terrible Janizaries were the scourge of Christendom.

the sufferance of jealousy of those very nations. Yet feeble and decrepit as is Turkey, no country excites such regard. The interest

thickens around the "Sick Man's" couch. He holds the key of empire in his trembling grasp. Into whose hands shall it pass when it falls from his? This is the question of the day—the Gordian knot, whose intricacy, insoluble by any diplomatic skill, may, possibly, yield only to the keen edge of the sword.

The receding tide of Ottoman oppression has left of a once great Turkish Empire but a meagre territory under its control. Nearly the whole of Hungary, and even the capital of Austria, were in its power early in the sixteenth century, 1529. Only at the close of the seventeenth century did Hungary become independent, 1699. The Crimea, Odessa, Moldavia, Bessarabia, Transylvania, and Greece, successively threw off the Ottoman yoke.

The last great shrinkage of the Turkish Empire resulted from the Russo-Turkish war, when Roumania, Bosnia, Servia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, Bulgaria, and Eastern Roumelia, through a baptism of blood, won a dear-bought liberty.

The utter collapse of the Ottoman power when it last measured swords with Russia was a surprise to many, but its causes are not far to seek. The civil and military administration were completely honeycombed and worm-eaten by corruption and fraud. The revenue, wrung by extortion from the horny hands of peasants, and the loans raised in the bourses of Paris and London, were lavished on seraglio palaces and barbaric pomps. The ruling classes were enervated and debased by polygamous sensuality. With empty exchequer, repudiated debt, and bankrupt credit, small wonder that the rotten structure at length collapsed. The Turks fought with valour, it is true, and clung to Plevna as a bulldog clings to a bone. But even a stag will fight when turned to bay, and why should not the stern fatalist, who believes death by the sword to be the gate to paradise?

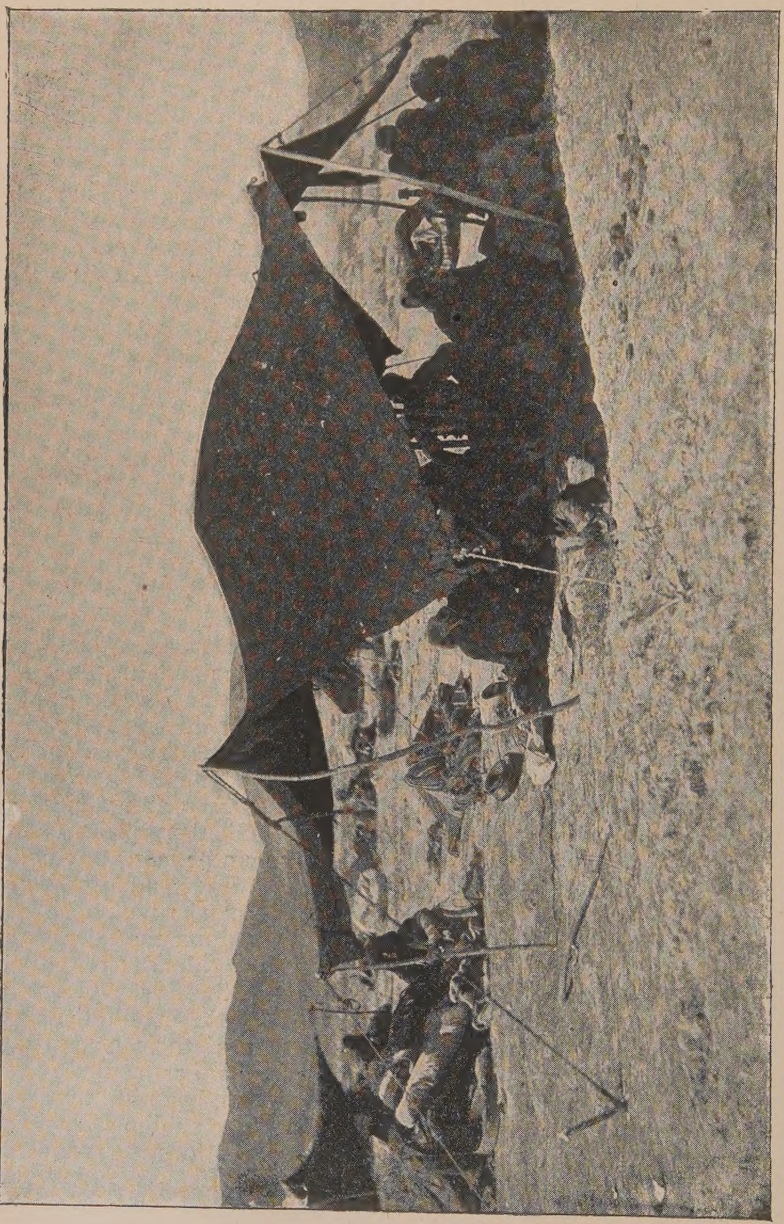
Even the valour of the Turks is more savage than that of any nation in Europe, or, indeed, in the world. After a battle, hideous Bashi-Bazouks, like human hyenas, prowled over the plain, butchering the wounded and robbing the dead. Even their own wounded the Turks deliberately neglected. Provision for their succour there was almost none. A dead soldier costs nothing, a wounded one costs much, and so they were deliberately left to die.

As in the case of the Byzantine Empire, which they destroyed, the cup of Ottoman iniquity is full. Their rule in the fairest realms of nature has been a blasting and a curse. Misgovernment and oppression and ignorance prevail. Stately cities, once abounding in luxury and wealth, are heaps of ruins. Great rivers, once the highways of commerce, now roll through a scene of desolation. Once populous cities are shrunken into insignificance, or are moulder-ing mounds of ruin. The tinkling bells of the armed and wandering caravan alone disturb vast solitudes of the cradle-lands of empire.

In Asia Minor and Armenia, under Ottoman rule, a blight seems to rest upon the fairest and most favoured lands on earth. The glory of the Seven Churches has departed; the candlesticks are removed out of their places, and thick darkness has settled upon the land. The beautiful myths of Homer and the sublime Gospel of Christ are alike forgotten, and the Turkish mosque has superseded both pagan fane and Christian temple.

In Europe, Turkey has never been anything but an armed camp. By their terrible Janizaries, and

their successors, the Circassians, the Turks have terrorized over a fourfold Christian population. sooner they leave it, "bag and baggage," the better for the down-trodden Christian races, who so



A KURDISH ENCAMPMENT.

The black tents are those of Kurdish tribes who spend the winter in the mountain villages and come down for the spring and summer to feed their flocks on the plains. They are spoken of in the Bible as the "tents of Kedar."

Their polygamy and fatalistic creed prevent their assimilating to the civilization of Europe. The long have groaned beneath their oppression. Those classic shores which, from the times of the

Argonauts and the Trojan war, have echoed the world's debate, may again be shaken by a struggle of Titans surpassing aught that Xerxes or Alexander, Belisarius or Chosroes, Moslem or crusader, ever witnessed.

Constantinople at present is in a state of fearful disorganization. It has at all times a polyglot population of Turks, Armenians, Greeks, Jews, Levantines of many kinds. Quite recently the turbulent Kurds have been flocking to the capital to dispose of their ill-gotten gains, or to spend it in profligate pleasures. These furnish tinder for a most disastrous explosion.

The Turkish Empire is infected with an ineradicable taint—that of barbaric and ruthless cruelty. From the days of Mohammed, its government has been one of terror—the stern rule of the sword. "The Turk is simply an aboriginal savage encamped on the ruins of civilization which he destroyed."

Abdul Hamid, the present Sultan, in cold, calculating, remorseless cruelty, is the worst persecutor in history. Brought up in the seclusion and sensualities of the seraglio, his early years were spent in riotous excess. The then reigning Sultan, Abdul Aziz, lavished on harem favourites and costly palaces the resources of the Empire, and brought the nation to the verge of bankruptcy. The deposed Abdul ended his life by suicide. Murad, his successor, went mad, and Abdul Hamid was called to the rocking throne, 1876. The responsibilities of power seem to have converted him from an idle profligate into the most conspicuous embodiment in Europe of personal and despotic rule.

The saying of Louis XIV., "L'etat c'est moi," a mere hyperbole in his case, is a sober verity in that of the Sultan. For the monstrous abuses and slaughters and cruelties of his reign he must be personally responsible, except in so far as it was physically impossible for any man to administer such a demoralized empire of 40,000,000 of people.

A recent writer thus describes the physical appearance of "The Shadow of God on Earth," as he is modestly designated: "The Sultan is the most wretched, pinched-up little sovereign I ever saw. A most unhappy-looking man, of dark complexion, with a look of absolute terror in his large Eastern eyes. People say he is nervous, and no wonder, considering the fate of his predecessor. All I can say is that his eyes haunted me for days, as of one gazing at some unknown horror. So emaciated and unnatural is his appearance that were he a European we should pronounce him in a swift decline. How all the fabled state of the Oriental potentate palls before such a lesson in royal misery! The poorest beggar in his dominions is happier than he!"

It is through the jealousies of the great powers, rather than through the statesmanship of its Sultan, that the Empire has not long since gone to pieces. The barbaric profusion of wealth in the palace contrasts strongly with the poverty of the nation and starvation of the army.

During much of his reign, the Turkish soldiers have been housed like cattle, clothed like paupers, fed like convicts, and paid—well, not paid at all, for months at a time.

The stolid fatalism of the Turk is perhaps a substitute for courage. When the passes of the Balkans were forced, and the Russian troops swept up to the very gates of Stamboul, the Sultan refused to take flight to Brousa, on the Asiatic shore, and when the conquering Russians demanded surrender of his fleet, he declared that

he would see it blown up with himself on board the flag-ship, before he would surrender. But little good his costly fleet of ironclads has done himself or the Empire. It has literally rusted into utter ruin for lack of repairs. At the recent opening of the Kiel Canal, where all the navies of Europe were represented, only one Turkish ironclad was able to venture so far.

GROUP OF MOUNTAINEERS FROM CENTRAL ASIA MINOR.

These are not as fierce, although fully as brave as the Xeibecks. They form a considerable element in what are known as the Bashi-Bazouks, or irregular troops of the Turkish Army. They are pure-blooded Turks, stalwart, powerful men.

The Sultan, we are told, lives in constant dread of assassination,

and subsists chiefly on hard-boiled eggs, into which he conceives it is impossible to introduce poison. Spies swarm everywhere. Even the victorious Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna, has been placed under arrest on a groundless suspicion. His sworn advisers he cannot trust, hence the frequent and sudden changes of ministry. The press censorship is the most rigid in Europe, or in the world. Even the plays of Shakespeare, the Bible, the standard histories and current newspapers are mutilated or excluded by the jealous and childish censor.

It is the settled policy of Turkey to crush, if she cannot exterminate, her Christian population. The massacres of Crete, of Scio, of Mount Lebanon and Damascus, of Bulgaria, and now the exceeding bitter cry of Armenia, are all demonstrations of this diabolical policy. It is not war, it is murder,—most foul, reckless and ruthless murder.

The condition of Armenia appeals with strongest claim for the sympathy and succour of the civilized world. One of the oldest countries of the world, it has had most tragic history. In the fourth century, the Golden-Mouthed Chrysostom writes of the religious persecution of the Armenian Christians by the savage Kurds of that day in language that will apply with equal force to the atrocities perpetrated in the same land on the Armenians of to-day: "Like ferocious beasts, the Kurds fell upon the unhappy inhabitants of Armenia and devoured them. Hundreds of men, women and children have been massacred; others have been frozen to death. The towns and villages are desolated; everywhere you see blood; everywhere you hear the groans of the dying, the shouts of the victors, and the sobs and tears of the vanquished."

At one time Armenia numbered at least 25,000,000 of people, but now not more than 5,000,000 remain in their native land, and, unless God in his providence interferes, these are threatened with absolute extermination.

The veteran missionary to Turkey, now in his eighty-second year, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, writes:

"Never has an innocent and faithful people been subjected to such an ordeal as the Armenians in the Turkish Empire. The terrible massacre at Sassoun was only the beginning of horrors which continue here and there to this day. In Constantinople, where there is a population of more than 100,000 Armenians, they are hunted from their hiding-places and killed with clubs by furious mobs, as though they were wild beasts. Eighty to a hundred thousand have fallen or have died of want, and hundreds of thousands are without homes and destitute of all the comforts of life. All the Armenians of Asia Minor and Mesopotamia are trembling for their lives and suffering from want. Never in the history of man has a nation been so long and brutally tried by torture and death, without a form of trial, without a notice of impending doom. Thousands have been clubbed to death in the streets of the capital—where carts were ready to receive their bodies and carry them off for burial or to be thrown into the sea.

"This fearful trial has taken hold of every Armenian man, woman and child. In some it has induced desperation and despair. 'Christians do not care for us,' they cry. 'Christian nations do not listen to our cry of anguish. Our property is gone; our homes are in ruins. Many of our dearest ones are killed because they would not deny their Lord. We are all devoted to a cruel death at the hands of those to whom we have done no wrong. Oh, that another

ARMENIAN WOMAN.

A good illustration of the Armenian type. The head-dress is that usually found in the Caucasus. The Armenian women, as a rule, are fine-looking, with intelligent faces and womanly bearing. This is especially noticeable in the case of old women. Among the Oriental races, as a rule, the old women are not handsome, but the reverse is true of the Armenian women.

slaughter might come and end our misery!' Such words have been repeatedly heard from this despairing and agonized people.

"It is from such despairing ones that the infamous 'Hunchags,' or revolutionists, recruit their insignificant numbers. This undesirable organization originated in Russia. The secret design of its originators is to exasperate the Moslems to exterminate the Armenians. It is well known that this Sultan is an enemy to the Armenians, and wishes to destroy them unless they recant and be-

come Moslems. Russian policy has taken advantage of this, and sent into Turkey these pretended patriots to stimulate revolutionary assassins to murder Moslems and then make their escape. This gives the Sultan a much-desired excuse for his barbarous treatment of an innocent people.

"These Russian-Armenian Hunchags are themselves murderers and assassins. They have caused the massacre of many thousands of their innocent fellow-Armenians.

"There is one noble trait that has come out in this terrible persecution, which has astonished the world and has enraged the bloody persecutors.

"It is the firm refusal of men and women—of young men as well as of old—to save life by professing Islam. The confession is very brief. Only say, 'There is but one God, and Mohammed is his Prophet,' and wear the Moslem turban, and your life is spared.

"The eighty to one hundred thousand who have perished might have saved their lives by this confession, and by then adopting the Moslem dress and worship, and trampling upon the cross. They have died the death of martyrs. Many have saved their lives by this confession, it is true; but most of these acknowledge their present extreme wretchedness, and some have been killed for showing this keen regret.

"There is now an immense number of sufferers scattered through all the regions where massacres have occurred, who have lost fathers, brothers, property, dwellings, and who are simply fighting for life. Many thousands of them will perish of cold and famine. This number is estimated at from three to four hundred thousand. They suffer for clothing, for food, and for shelter. As all their tools have been destroyed or stolen, their miserable 'dug-outs' resemble the lairs of wild beasts.

"And yet all this they endure rather than deny the faith. They suffer 'scourgings and cruel mockings; yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonments—they wander about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented.'

"All these can escape their misery by professing Islam. They, as well as the thousands slain, are martyrs of Jesus. They may be much less enlightened in Christian doctrine than we, but they have a faith that enables them to 'resist unto blood.' They suffer the most cruel torture and death rather than say Mohammed is Lord, and not Jesus of Nazareth.

"There is another great and unexpected result from this Mohammedan persecution. The old Armenian Church, which has survived all the vicissitudes and persecutions of fifteen centuries, became generally hostile to the evangelical movement inaugurated by the missionaries. Under the influence of St. Petersburg, it became for a time a persecuting Church. But for the last twenty-five years it has been growing less hostile, and in many cases positively friendly. The distribution of the excellent translation of the Scriptures and of many school books and a great deal of Sunday-school literature had prepared the way for a great change.

"That change has come through this persecution. The Gregorian Churches are now all open for the missionaries or the native pastors of Protestant Churches to preach in them. Prayer-meetings are held, in which there is no distinction of sect whatever. The distribution of funds collected by the late Armenian patriarch for his people was entrusted to the American missionaries, who were requested to use their own judgment

PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

The ecclesiastical head of the Armenians is the Catholicos residing at Etchmiadzine in the Caucasus. Of the same rank are the Catholicos of Aghtamar (near Van), and the Catholicos of Sis, in Cilicia. Next come the Patriarchs of Constantinople and Jerusalem, the former taking precedence as the civil head of the Armenians in Turkey.

as to the mode of distribution. A letter from a large Armenian village, or city, as it might be called, speaks of the perfect harmony between the Gregorians and Protestants. Their evening prayer-meetings were crowded, and Gregorians and Protestants took part in them with equal fervour. The same spirit of union is found in all

the regions of the bloody persecution. Their sufferings lead them to the Bible, to prayer, and to Christian sympathy. They have nearly ceased to look for any aid or protection from Christian governments, but they are cheered and strengthened by the gifts of Christian peoples in foreign lands.

"In Harpoot the college was in full blast again; the desolated people were getting under cover; the churches not destroyed were filled with worshippers who had failed to become Moslems. This was equally displeasing to Russia and to Turkey. The missionaries were evidently continuing their work with unabated influence.

"The last government order, and the most atrocious in some respects, is to close all the schools and churches there. The people shall have no comfort from religion, nor light from knowledge. They are now expecting another slaughter—one of extermination. It is hardly probable that this will take place. Russia prefers to work by gradual exhaustion. She is never in a hurry. She bides her time. She may get the American missionaries out of the country, because our government will not guard and enforce treaty rights. But she will never get their work out. In the spiritual world she is weak. The work of spiritual renovation among the Armenians is the work of God, and so long as He is stronger and wiser than Russia, that work will abide among a remnant, unless the two and a half millions shall all be destroyed.

"The cold indifference of Christian governments to this awful tragedy is the most amazing fact in this bloody history."

Miss Frances Willard, in an impassioned address at the late W. C. T. U. Convention, said :

"Those Armenians stand for the sanctity of home life, the faithful loyalty of one man to one woman; and they have illustrated this like no other nation on the face of the earth; they lived it centuries before Mohammed had ever conceived his vile religion which degrades manhood, puts lust instead of love, and makes woman a bond-slave of man in the harem to which he has consigned her. They love the Gospel of our Lord, and they have laid their lives upon the altar for Christ. Then our missionaries told me how women had leaped into the rivers rather than have the Turk pounce with his heavy hand upon them; they told me of members of their schools, sweet young girls, who had thrown themselves into the flames of the Christian church at Sassoun to escape the death in life of the Turkish harem."

The Rev. F. D. Greene, formerly of Constantinople, at the same assembly, said :

"The page of history written in Armenian blood is blacker than any page since the day of our Lord. The Turks' persecutions of the Armenians are worse than the ten persecutions of the Christians under the Roman emperors. Who are the Armenians ? They are one of the most ancient peoples in Christendom—the first who, as a race, accepted Christianity. For sixteen centuries Armenian national life has been shaped by the Christian religion and in every century these people have been martyrs. They are the most progressive people in the Ottoman Empire, and seeing this, and that European powers are becoming interested in them, the backward Turk declared, 'We must batter them down.' The same day that the Sultan promised reform he ordered a massacre. What can we do ? Make our voices heard, our indignation felt, by Christian governments. America and England will yet redeem

themselves. Armenians will never abandon their cause. This is God's battle, with Mount Ararat as a strategic point."

Miss Rebecca Krikorian, of Aintab, Armenia, at the W. C. T. U. Convention, said :

MASSACRE OF ARMENIANS.
This is from a sketch by an eye-witness of the brutal seizure of Armenians, and either murdering them or forcing them into the Prison or Death-house at Stamboul.

"How shall we avenge ourselves upon the Turks for their cruelty to our people? We hear it said

often that the best thing for the Turks is to wipe them off of the face of the earth. But they are more to be pitied than hated, for they have a religion which requires them to do this for the glory of that religion. The Sultan and some others know better, however.

"Is it not the design of God to stir up the Christian Church to more activity? It has been proposed that Armenians leave their country. Is this best? Our aim has always been to evangelize the Turk. We have used the Turkish language for fifty years to evangelize it and prepare it for use by Christian Turks."

Miss Krikorian's father had been imprisoned for months, and upon being released went to help a missionary, where he witnessed the butchery of eight thousand Armenians. He expressed the belief that such a manifestation of perfect patience as was exhibited by his people is an evidence of the divine power of God, and that by it the Turks are condemned in their own consciences, and that the day is near at hand when they will begin to cry, "What shall we do to be saved?" He said, "Two Turks were converted to-day and secretly baptized. Armenians are accused of concealing arms in their bosoms, but it is true that many Turks have Bibles hid in their bosoms. Not one of the Gregorian bishops or their followers were willing to renounce their religion to save their lives. When an Armenian saw his son's hands cut off, he pressed them to his lips and cried, 'This becometh Christians.'"

Miss Krikorian closed with an impassioned appeal to Christians and a dedication of herself to the salvation of the cruel Turk. She said: "We must heap coals of fire upon their heads, not to burn them, but to warm their hearts. Then they will know that the cross which they make with axes on the heads of the slain is their only hope. I shall yet be able to preach the Gospel to the Turks. Nothing can atone for our losses but the salvation of our enemies. I have consecrated myself to this. Hereafter you must call me the Gospel temperance woman of Turkey. Mohammedans must and shall be saved. If the Church does not enter the door of opportunity then woe to the Church universal! But if the fourteen millions of Protestants are aroused they will rescue the ten millions of Turks and bring them into the Church of God, and thus we shall have had our revenge."

The powers seem at last to have agreed upon a policy of coercing the arch-assassin of Europe. An able article in Harper's Weekly, one of the fairest-minded of the American press, speaks thus of the difficulties in the way of arriving at a concert on the subject, and of the probable result of their joint action:

"The allocution delivered to the Sultan by the Russian ambassador is the notification of all Europe to the ruler of Turkey that the measure of his iniquities is at last full. We have had during these last months abundant experience of the difficulty of obtaining an effective European concert to put a stop to crimes that would disgrace a Central-African king, and that were perpetrated in the face of Europe and in the light of day. The obstacles in the way of combined action by the powers have in truth been very formidable.

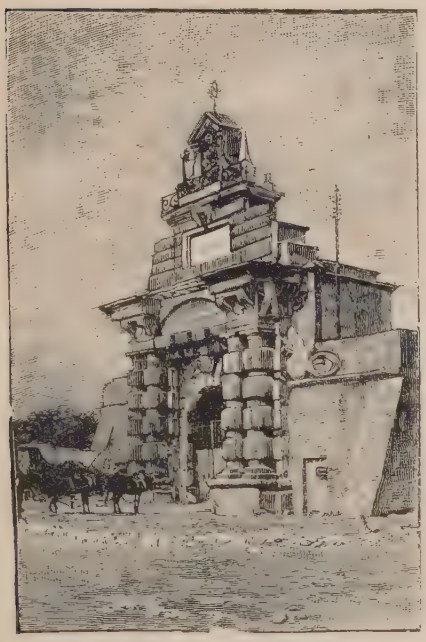
"Until within the last few weeks it seemed out of the question that the powers could be brought to take combined action. The fear that has paralyzed Europe for a generation paralyzed it still—the fear that in the derangement that would follow the eviction of the Sultan some one of the powers

BRITISH FLOTILLA.

The warships of the British Mediterranean fleet nearing Constantinople after the terrible massacres.

would aggrandize itself—at the expense of Turkey, indeed, but at the risk of the others. The power upon which these jealousies were concentrated was Russia. That is why it is so especially appropriate and so especially significant that it was the ambassador of Russia who was chosen to notify the Sultan, on behalf of all the powers, that he had worn out their patience, and that he must 'mend or end.' Such a threat on the part of Russia alone the Sultan might have met, as he has met it before, by appealing to the dread of Russian aggression on the part of the other powers. But when it is Russia that delivers to him the message of all Europe, he must perceive that the end has come of unpunished massacre, and that shiftings and evasions and lies will no longer serve his turn.

THE DEAD CITIES OF THE ZUYDER ZEE.



OLD CITY GATE, NORTH HOLLAND.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the Dutch Republic exhibited intense energy and enterprise. It threw off the yoke of Spanish domination, hurled back army after army sent for its reconquest, and, opening the dykes which kept the sea at bay, flooded the fields rather than let them pass under the control of the hated Spaniard. Following this came a period of great industrial and commercial enterprise. Holland had large and wealthy foreign colonies, and the spices and dye woods of Java and Guiana crowded the docks and warehouses of Antwerp, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and the ports of the Zuyder Zee. The tide of commerce at length ebbed away, and many of these once busy ports have been almost deserted by trade, and have won the designation, "The Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee."

That accomplished tourist, Katharine Macquoid, writes thus of her recent visit to those "dead cities" of North Holland:

Hoorn is a jewel among old towns for its primitive condition, though owing to the care with which the houses are washed, cleaned, and preserved, they look almost new, and it is at first difficult to realize the age of the place. After a time, however, as we walked beside the rows of houses, with stepped gables and sculptured stonework, we seemed to have gone back in some mysterious way to the seventeenth century, when Hoorn was full of life and business, and as we looked round us it was the people in their modern costume who seemed out of character with the houses. No town in Holland is richer in old domestic architecture than is Hoorn. It is one of the "Dead Cities" of the Zuyder Zee, and it looks very lonely and desolate.

Our large rambling hotel bore upon it the date, 1616. After our meal, we went out in search of the harbour gate, the most interesting old building in Hoorn; we walked round the town beside the Zuyder Zee, and inquired for the Water Gate. The quaint and lofty old structure stands in the middle of the harbour, and is built of red brick, softened and beautified by age; it is of strange and picturesque shape, round on its sea-face, but flat on the side that faces the town. There are on it two dates, 1532 and 1651; the last date is that of the finely-proportioned clock turret on the top of the old roof. The upper part of the turret is covered with lead. The best view of

this strange old tower is from a boat on the Zuyder Zee.

Turning from our long gaze at the Water Gate, we came upon a group of rough-looking Zuyder Zee fishermen, picturesquely clad in coarse shirts and trousers, enormous in girth, but short in length. One of them wore a red shirt, dark trousers, and bright blue stockings; he was squatting on the quay, carefully picking seaweed from a fishing-net; another man was mending his net.

We presently saw another quaint old gate, called the Osterport, or East Gate. It is in two stories, the lower part built in 1511. It stands on the ramparts, and the road through it leads into the country along by the banks of the Zuyder Zee.

We walked out into the country by way of the Osterport. The afternoon was dull, with a cool, refreshing breeze from the inland sea. It was interesting to watch the peaceful country-life of the North Holland folk. Men were mowing, with slow rhythmic movement, the tall grass that bordered the road; meditative old peasants in blouses, pipe in mouth, walked leisurely beside their donkey-carts; a man and his little fair-haired, blue-eyed daughter, in a small cart drawn by three large dogs, passed by at full trot. Fishing-boats with brown sails studded the pearly surface of the Zuyder Zee, and seagulls, uttering their strange, mournful cries, flew lazily overhead with large, slowly-flapping wings.

SCENE ON NORTH HOLLAND CANAL.

Most of the country-people came into town through the Osterport on their way to the weekly cheese-market. We saw the cheeses being stored in the warehouses by hundreds, looking like red and yellow cannon-balls. We afterwards saw the cheeses rolled down

wooden troughs to the boats in the canal below, ready for exportation. The Weighing House is in the centre of the town, and is a handsome seventeenth-century building of grey stone, with a tall roof and dormer windows.

We went from the Weighing House to see the College of the States, a stone building more than two centuries old. It is decorated with coloured shields, and among these is an English shield supported by figures of armed men said to be negroes. The story of this shield took us back to the middle of the seventeenth century, the time of the naval war between the States of Holland and the English Commonwealth.

On the 30th November, 1652, the English fleet under Blake met near the Goodwins a larger number of Dutch vessels of war, commanded by Van Tromp and De Ruyter. A stubborn fight took place, and the English were worsted ; but nightfall put an end to the battle and saved their fleet from destruction. Blake was wounded, two English ships were taken, and three more were sunk or burned. Blake retreated to the Thames; and Van Tromp, in his pride of victory, fastened a broom to the top-mast of his vessel, as a sign either that he had swept the sea clear of his enemies, or that he intended to do so.

In old days Hoorn was one of the most famous of Dutch towns; even in the fourteenth century its inhabitants numbered twenty-five thousand. Two centuries later, Hoorn was an active agent in crippling the power of Spain, which had at that time the most formidable navy in the world. On the 12th October, 1573, a Dutch fleet sent out solely by the towns of Hoorn and Enkhuisen defeated the Spanish ships and took the Count of Bossu prisoner. Count Bossu's flagship, The Inquisition, and two of the Hoorn ships lashed themselves together, and fought hand to hand for nearly the whole day. Not far from our hotel there are still standing three houses, and tradition says that from the windows of these houses the citizens of Hoorn saw the fight. There is a series of bas-reliefs outside the houses, illustrating the various scenes of the battle.

FARM-HOUSE NEAR HOORN.

The people of Hoorn were always sturdy and independent; they were among the first in Holland to embrace the doctrines of Calvin. The city arms consist of a hunting-horn, and this device is to be seen on every cart and carriage.

from Hoorn, and is the extreme eastern point of North Holland.

Facing the harbour is a grand old water-gate, with a tower dated 1540. It has a remarkable sculptured doorway; and the building, dark red brick with white stone ornamentation, at once impressed

A HOLLAND TYPE.

But Hoorn has greatly declined from its former power and importance. It had once ten churches, now there are only two; and its inhabitants have dwindled to insignificant numbers.

Enkhuisen is about twelve miles

one with the former importance of the town. There is a musical carillon in the tower, which plays at the hours and quarters. Close by, a picturesque group of old houses hangs over the edge of a canal. The town is surrounded

by a canal overlooked by tree-shaded ramparts.

Enkhuisen is perhaps the deadest of the once powerful "Dead Cities" of the Zuyder Zee; for Stavoren has altogether disappeared, and can no longer be counted among them. Once the most important town in Holland, with sixty thousand inhabitants, extended commerce, and a fleet of a thousand ships, Enkhuisen has shrunk away, until at the present time its population is only five thousand, and its commerce is practically nil.

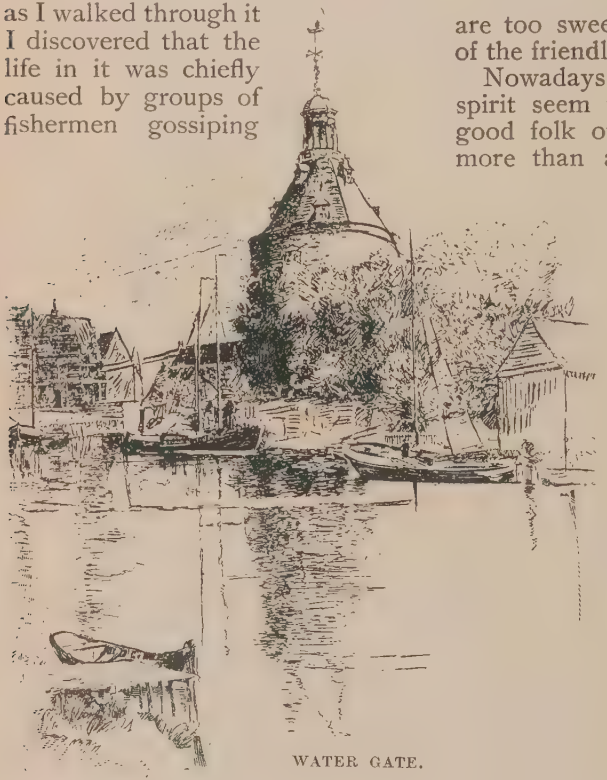
The city was founded about the year 1000, A.D. Its name is derived from the Dutch words, "enkele huizen," a few houses.

It actually pained me to walk about its almost deserted streets full of fine houses. Enkhuisen must, however, be to the artist one of the most interesting cities in Holland, there is so much on which he can employ his brush and pencil. It was the birthplace of

A HOLLAND TYPE.

the famous painter, Paul Potter. It literally teems with richly-coloured old houses of fantastic shapes and out-of-the-way positions, grouped with trees, canals, and, here and there, some shipping.

At last I came upon one street which seemed like an oasis in the desert of dullness; but as I walked through it I discovered that the life in it was chiefly caused by groups of fishermen gossiping together while they cleaned and mended their nets.



WATER GATE.

Many of the brick houses are ornamented with sculptured stone, but the portal of the Orphan Asylum is particularly rich in bas-reliefs and statues carved in coloured stone.

As I went on I saw groups of women in full gossip at the doors of the smaller houses, their children near them at play. But most of the inhabitants seemed only half-awake, though I dare say they would have been completely wide-awake on the subject of money; it is no easy thing to catch a Dutchman napping over the value of the guilder, though maybe the lines—

> "In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch
> Is giving too little and asking too much,"

are too sweeping a condemnation of the friendly Netherlander.

Nowadays all enterprise and spirit seem to have deserted the good folk of Enkhuisen, and for more than a hundred years the town has been but the shadow of its former self. It is said that owing to the moving sandbanks in the Zuyder Zee, the once famous harbour became narrowed and dangerous, and consequently the commerce of the city declined.

Enkhuisen is certainly a place to be visited by a painter fond of picturesque, domestic architecture, and the quiet events of daily life. There is more colour in the houses than there is in those at Hoorn, but I am doubtful as to the comfort of the hotel accommodation in this sleepy old town. It must be said that these picturesque "Dead Cities" are more attractive to look at than to live in.

In wandering about the out-of-the-way towns in Holland, one is continually reminded of their unchanged condition, their general aspect and the manners and customs of the people seem so little altered since the time of the

famous Dutch painters of the seventeenth century.

The buildings and the street scenes look just as they were represented in the masters' pictures. Strolling along the quiet streets of Enkhuisen, I passed just such a butcher's shop as Peter de Hooghe loved to paint. The light and shade of the scene were perfect.

Before the Revolt of the Netherlands, in the sixteenth century, the

ENTERING A HOUSE, BROECK.

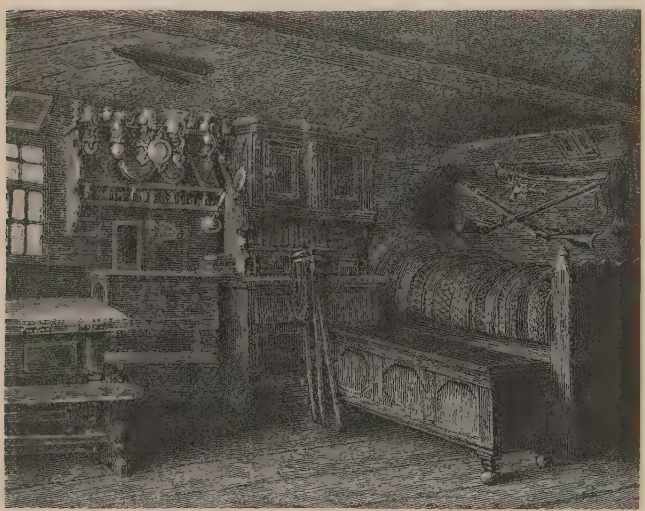
Emperor Charles the Fifth and his son, Philip the Second of Spain, appear to have manned their ships chiefly with sailors from Enkhuisen. Later on, when the revolt against the Spanish supremacy was declared, Enkhuisen was the first town in Holland to open her gates to the heroic martyr to patriotism, William the Silent, Prince of Orange. Alas for departed greatness! Though on all sides relics of former splendour are plainly visible, Enkhuisen exhibits a melancholy spectacle.

Close the eyes, and fancy sees the city once again affluent and powerful. Crowds of people throng its handsome streets; wealthy burghers, and richly dressed cavaliers with plumed hats, and rapiers by their sides, strut along in pride of life and place; ladies in stiff silks and satins rustle by; once again sound the notes of joy and revelry, of busy commerce and full prosperity. A voice seems to cry, "Enkhuisen the proud, the powerful, the beauteous Queen of the pearly Zuyder Zee! Full of brave soldiers and of sailors, to whom fear or defeat is unknown, how can possible harm come near such a city?"

What is the picture it offers

now? The streets are well-nigh empty, the flood of busy, eager life has ebbed away, and the once prosperous and stately seaport is almost a city of the dead.

We had a fine bright day for our steam-trip across the Zuyder Zee from Enkhuisen to Stavoren. In the early morning the sky had been dull, but as we crossed the dancing water the sun came out bright and strong, and the sky cleared to that exquisite tint of greyish blue so prevalent in Holland. We were greatly interested



DUTCH INTERIOR, ON THE ZUYDER ZEE.

by our fellow-passengers. Many of the women wore golden helmets, with Brussels lace lappets falling from a cap below the helmet; atop of all was a gay bonnet trimmed with artificial flowers, while near each eye projected a golden jewelled ornament.

Soon we came in sight of Stavoren, the ancient capital city of the Frisians, and the oldest city of the Netherlands. Tradition says that in the fourth century, B.C., Frisio and his two brothers fled from an insurrection in the blessed Frisia in the East Indies. After many adventures, the three brothers landed on this spot, and built a temple to Thor—in their language the god Stavo; very soon a town sprang up round the temple, and was called Stavoren. This seaport reached the height of its prosperity in the thirteenth century, and was famous all over Europe; but for a woman's folly it might perhaps still exist. As we approached nearer, we looked out for the famous Vrouwensand, the sandbank which proved the ruin of the once powerful city; the legend of its origin may perhaps be told again.

In the fourteenth century there lived in the flourishing city of Stavoren a very haughty and wealthy widow. Her husband had been a merchant and owned many trading vessels, and the widow resolved to augment her riches by increased enenterprise. Very soon after her husband's death, she sent for one of her ship-captains, and bade him sail a vessel laden with merchandise to Dantzig; in exchange for the cargo, she commanded him to bring her back the most valuable treasures he could find; or, as she expressed it, "the most precious thing in the world."

Now, there had been that year throughout Frisia a scarcity of wheat, and when the captain found on reaching Dantzig that corn was good and plentiful there, he determined to give his haughty mistress a lesson, while he did his

country a service; he therefore loaded his vessel with the finest wheat he could purchase, and set sail for Stavoren. He had a stormy voyage, and the vessel was

CANAL SCENE IN NORTH HOLLAND.

long overdue when at last, on a warm June evening, she reached the harbour, and lay at anchor there. The widow was duly informed of the ship's arrival, and in her impatience to see the treasure her captain had brought, early on the following morning she went on board.

"Where is my treasure?" she said,—"the precious thing you have brought in exchange for the cargo?"

"You see there a sample of it, Mijn Vrouw." The captain pointed to a sack of grain loosely tied at the mouth, that lay on deck.

The Vrouw hurried to the sack, opened it, and saw that it was full of corn.

A DUTCH GOODY TWO-SHOES.

Her eyes flashed as she imperiously turned to the captain.

"What means this? Here is only corn."

The captain bent his head.

A GATE OF THE WEES-HUIS, AMSTERDAM.

"There is naught else, Mijn Vrouw; the entire cargo is as that sample. It seemed to me that I could not bring back a more valuable treasure."

"Fool!" She stamped on the deck in her fury. "Do you take me for such an idiot as you are? I say, away with your corn!"

She seized the sack in her strong arms, and hurled it over the side of the ship into the sea. Then she turned to the captain in fierce anger.

"I am not to be trifled with; I will teach you how to dispute my will," she said. "I command you on the instant to fling every sack of this miserable corn into the sea, or you shall be dismissed my service."

She left the ship in furious anger; and the captain, who knew her power, sorrowfully obeyed her order.

The corn took root under water. It grew and flourished; it drew to itself the masses of loose floating sand, till before long an enormous bank, consolidated by the roots of the corn, had risen in front of the great harbour of Stavoren. This sand-bank resisted every effort to remove it. It choked up all attempts at navigation; the commerce of the city declined, its wealth decreased; its splendid buildings, with their bolts and locks and hinges of pure gold, fell into ruins. At last the town entirely disappeared, and became a mere history. In its place there is now a small village; a few houses are all that mark the site of the magnificent and ancient capital of Friesland. If Enkhuisen is dead, Stavoren is absolutely buried.

The Dutch school of painting was inseparably linked to, and necessarily developed from, the marvellous national progress of Holland in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. At the head of this school, raised far above all others by the magnificence of his genius, stands Rembrandt. He was born in 1607, at Leyden, and died at Amsterdam in 1669. His life was one of hard work. He passed through the joyous experiences of a happy married life. He fell upon dark days, and had to steer his bark over stormy seas. But all throughout forty years of his working life, he sent forth portraits and pictures and etchings in most wonderful profusion.

TYPICAL DUTCH WINDMILL IN WINTER.

In the National Gallery is his portrait, painted in 1640 by his own hand, with all the skill and marvellous light and shade of which he was so consummate a master. Close beside it hangs another, executed in 1657. Many

years have passed since the earlier one was painted. The wife of his love, Saskia, has long since passed away; he has known what it is to be in need; he has tried the world, and found it very different from what he expected in the days of his prosperity, and in the contrast between the seamed, worn, older, yet courageous face, and the fresh, bright, younger countenance, is written the story of his life. Bold, independent of tradition and of what others thought about him; not a man to go out of his way to court the world's smile; living for his art, working it out according to the conceptions of his genius, and untrammelled by bondage to any school, Rembrandt went steadily through life, achieving—little as many of his contemporaries dreamed it—not only the headship of the Dutch school, but a permanent and popular place among the greatest known artists of the world.

AMSTERDAM MARKET-PLACE.

WINDMILLS ON THE ZAANDAM, HOLLAND.

Rembrandt was a careful reader of the Bible, and his Scriptural pictures will bear the closest scrutiny. The dress and the physiognomies are no more Oriental in the case of Rembrandt than of the other great masters. But in careful study of the Bible and keen insight into the spirit of the scene depicted, they are second to none.

"AMPLIUS."

When to Angelo the painter,
  Years ago his pupils brought
Pictures they believed completed,
  They with greatest care had wrought,
This one word with meaning simple
  Oft he wrote upon the marge,
Where they could not fail to see it:
  "Amplius"—enlarge, enlarge.

Let this now become our watchword,
  Let this our endeavour be,
Though our work has not been fruitless,
  Larger blessings we would see;
For the tree that is not growing
  Larger, stronger, day by day,
Holds within its heart already
  The beginning of decay.

IN THE BLACK BELT.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

II.

Mr. Booker T. Washington, the coloured founder and president of Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, is beyond doubt the foremost living man of his race, and one of the most useful and most notable men in America. He has more clearly worked out a system of education that is adapted to Southern conditions than any other man who has attacked the problem. The economic fallacy that lay at the foundation of slavery,—a fallacy as applied both to the master and to the slave,—was its discouragement of thrift. A lack of thrift was a necessary part of the philosophy which regarded manual labour as degrading.

The starting point in the elevation of the negro is to teach him the economic and moral value of thrift. The first step, therefore, is to work out of the universal bondage of a credit system,—which with the population of the Black Belt, became a debt system,—to quit "libin' in de ashes," as one of the visitors of Tuskegee said.

The revolution in education, in practical affairs, in morals—the regeneration, in fact,—that has come from the application of the practical system that has brought this about in this section of Alabama, is as inspiring a chapter in the "care and culture of men" as can be found in the annals of our educational life.

Mr. Booker T. Washington describes his early career as follows:

"I was born a slave, in 1857 or 1858, which I have never been able to learn. My first recollection of life is that of a cabin with a dirt floor, no doors, no windows, only openings. Then I went away to the mines in Western Virginia. While working there I heard of General Armstrong and Hampton Institute. I determined to go to it, saved pennies and nickels and started; walked, rode in waggons and on steam cars, and at last reached Richmond without money. I walked the streets until midnight, then crawled under a sidewalk and slept. In the morning I saw a ship near by which was discharging its cargo. I asked the captain for a job and got it. I worked by day and slept under the sidewalk at night. Again I started for Hampton, and reached it with a surplus of fifty cents.

"General Armstrong said that if there was anything in me he would help me to get it out. When I was through school I went, in 1881, to Tuskegee, Ala., where the blacks outnumber the whites six to one, and opened a school in a shanty. Now we have property valued at $280,000, thirty-seven buildings, and 739 students. We board the students at $8 per

month, and let them work out half of it. We teach books and industry, not how to read Greek and Latin, but the sciences, and how to make brick, waggons, and the like.

"Our students have made the bricks for a large chapel. A large part of the timber is sawed by students at our own saw-mill, the plans are drawn by our teacher of architecture and mechanical drawing, and students do the brick-masonry, plastering, painting, carpentry work, tinning, slating, and make most of the furniture. Practically the whole chapel will be built and furnished by student labour; in the end the school will have the building for permanent use, and the students will have a knowledge of the trades employed in its construction. Our thirty-seven buildings have, all except three, been erected by the labour of the students in the way I have described. The young women to a large extent make, mend, and launder the clothing of the young men, and thus are taught important industries.

RUINS OF JAMESTOWN, VIRGINIA.

"Ever since the war, the negroes have been mortgaging their crops for the food on which to live while the crops were growing. The majority of them were living from hand to mouth on rented land, in small, one-room log cabins, and attempting to pay a rate of interest on their advances that ranged from fifteen to forty per cent. per annum. The rank and file of the race, especially those on the Southern plantations, work hard, but the trouble is, what they earn gets away from them in high rents, crop mortgages, whiskey, snuff, cheap jewellery, and the like.

"We find it a pretty hard thing to make a good Christian of a hungry man. No matter how much our people 'get happy' and 'shout' in church, if they go home at night from church hungry, they are tempted to find something before morning. This is a principle of human nature, and is not confined to the negro."

The leaky house was not repaired while the sun shone, for then the rain did not come through. While the rain was falling, no one cared to expose himself to stop the leak. The plough, on the same principle, was left where the last furrow was run, to rot and rust in the field during the winter. There was no need to trouble about the payment of a debt to-day, for it could just as well be paid next week or next year. Besides these conditions, the whole South, at the close of the war, was without proper food, clothing, and shelter,—was in need of habits of thrift and economy and of something laid up for a rainy day.

Friction between the races will pass away in proportion as the black man, by reason of his skill, intelligence, and character, can produce something that the white man wants or respects in the commercial world.

There are in the South very many institutions which are seeking to solve the race problem by

the instruction of the negro. In most of these industrial education is included, as well as normal schools for training of teachers, than whom few classes of trained intellects are more needed. The Methodist Episcopal Church has been among the very foremost in promoting this good work, and has expended millions of dollars and employed the energies of some of its most nobly endowed men and women for this patriotic purpose.

An evidence of the improved thrift and industry of the coloured man was seen in the Negro Building at the Atlanta Exposition in 1895. The art, architecture, inventions, machinery, and mechanical industries exhibited were all his own. Many examples of these would do credit to any man, white or black. And all this is the product of a race, most of whom were born slaves, or are the children of slaves.

"Think of it, my friends," says Mr. Booker T. Washington, with much force, "we went into slavery a piece of property under guard, we came out free citizens; we went into slavery pagans, we came out Christians; we went into slavery without a language, we came out speaking the proud Anglo-Saxon tongue; we went into slavery, as it were, with the slave chains clanking about our wrists, we came out with the ballot in our hands. Progress, progress is the law of God, and under Him it is going to be the negro's guiding star in this country."

Mr. E. Porritt, who knows the South well, writes as follows :

I met an old coloured man who before the war had been a slave on a plantation in South Carolina. I asked him how his people had been doing since Emancipation. "Some of them," he answered, " is doing well ; others is doing mighty trifling." My observations of the coloured people brought me to a conclusion not unlike that which had been so tersely expressed.

Fiction and song have done their part in presenting the old plantation life, but one of the best and at the same time one of the most reliable guides to the study of the old slave regime is the slave code. There is no gainsaying the pictures of life in the old cotton kingdom which are to be traced in the lines of the old slave code as it was developed in South Carolina between 1712 and the outbreak of the War of the Rebellion in 1861. South Carolina was the oldest of the Southern slave-holding States, and the laws which were drawn up by its colonial government, when it was an English dependency, and added to by its State Legislature after the Revolution, were those upon which many of the slave laws of the other Southern States seem to have been patterned.

The old South Carolina code touched almost every side of life on the plantation. One of the earliest and quaintest of the score or more enactments, which make up the code, dealt with the connection of the slaves with the Christian Church. It was passed in 1712, and set out that since charity and Christian religion, which the colonists professed, obliged them to wish well to the souls of all men, and while it should be lawful for any negro slave " to receive and profess the Christian faith, and to be thereunto baptized," such profession and baptism were not to result in the manumission of the slave, or to cause his master to lose his civil right, property, or authority over him. Another of these early laws made owners liable to fines if they permitted their negroes to be taught to read or write, or to dress in a style which was not in keeping with their condition of servitude.

Against negroes who attempted

to escape, or sought to entice others to escape, the laws were very severe. The penalty of death attached to the offence of inducing another slave to escape; and if half-a-dozen slaves made an attempt to break away, or were guilty of rioting on a plantation, two or more of them might be executed as a warning to the other slaves in the neighbourhood.

possess a horse; nor was a slave allowed to go outside the boundaries of his master's property without a written permit. On Sundays, when the slaves were not at work, the roads were patrolled by white men, whose duty it was to see that all slaves were within bounds. A negro slave was not allowed to kill game, except in the presence of a white man; nor could

NEGRO WAIFS.

Stringent laws were in force regulating the conduct of negroes towards white people. One of these attached the death penalty to a third conviction for presuming to strike any white person; and in the case of a first assault by a slave, if the assault resulted in a wound or a bruise, the negro was to suffer death.

An owner was not permitted to allow a slave to keep a boat or

seven or more of them travel on the highways together without a white escort.

Any white man was empowered to arrest a runaway slave, and could claim a fee for turning the runaway over to the civil authorities. If a slave so captured were not claimed, he was sold at auction, and the proceeds of the sale went into the State treasury.

While the old code thus restrict-

ed the movements of slaves and punished most severely any misbehaviour or insubordination, it took some care of the slaves, and endeavoured to give the negroes protection from cruel and rapacious owners. It had its penalties for those planters who overworked, underfed, or who did not properly clothe the slaves. From the last week in March until the last week in December, slaves were not to be kept to labour for more than fifteen hours out of the twenty-four. If an owner failed to clothe, house and feed his slaves in a proper manner, his neighbour might complain to the justices, who were empowered to impose pecuniary penalties on the offender. If a white man murdered a slave, he might be fined as much as $3,000, and in addition suffer political disabilities which practically amounted to loss of citizenship.

Work on the plantations under the old regime commenced at sunrise and went on till sunset, with an interval of from one to three hours for dinner at mid-day. With many owners it was the practice to fix a daily task. When this was done the remainder of the day was at the disposal of the negroes. Most of them had garden patches in the neighbourhood of the negro quarters, in which vegetables and fruits were grown, to supplement the rations of bacon and corn-meal served out from the plantation stores. An able-bodied negro was worth from $1,000 to $1,250, and it was to an owner's interest that every slave on his plantation should be in good condition. There was always a rough plenty about a big plantation, and for the sake of peace as well as for efficient work the majority of owners made things comfortable for their negro dependents. Public opinion also pressed strongly upon owners who were cruel or negligent towards their slaves. Nowadays the people in the South who remember the old regime, deny that the negroes were over-worked. Few people in the South, white or black, permit themselves to be overworked. Climatic conditions are not favourable to foolhardiness of that kind, and the American coloured man is by nature and temperament about the last person in the world who can be continuously over-driven. An hour on a wharf at Charleston or Savannah, when a steamer is being loaded or unloaded, is enough to convince any one who is new to the negro, that whatever might have been the evils of his lot under the old regime, overwork could not possibly have been one of his permanent troubles.

Standing aside seems to be the fate of the coloured man in most of the Southern States. Nowhere has there been any breaking down of the colour line since Emancipation. Socially as well as politically, the negroes are a race apart. In nearly all the Southern States, intermarriage of white and black people is forbidden by law.

In all the Southern cities, white and coloured children attend separate schools. In many of the Southern States, railroad cars are set apart for negroes and white people who want to smoke, and at the stations the negroes are forbidden to frequent the waiting rooms set apart for white people. Society in the South makes a number of laws of its own, which are observed with equal stringency. The hotels refuse admittance to the coloured people, except in the case of maids and valets who are in attendance upon white guests.

Wherever the negroes are numerous, they have their own churches, and except in the case of the Roman Catholics, ministers of their own colour. In the theatres, in the hotels, in the restaurants and the liquor saloons, and in the summer pleasure gardens, all over the

South, the colour line is drawn with great stringency. It is much the same in the factories and workshops. The only place where I ever saw white and coloured men side by side, doing the same work, was in the State Penitentiary of South Carolina. Hosiery is made in large quantities in the penitentiary, and white and coloured convicts work together at the knitting machines. The colour line is strictly drawn in the great cotton factories of the South, not because the negro is incapable of attending to a spinning frame or a loom, but because the cracker class, from whom the new cotton mills are drawing their operatives, will not work with people of colour.

The negroes as a class, do not seem greatly to resent this exclusion from all work except that which has been their lot since negroes were first imported into America. The negroes seem to love the freedom of an open-air life, and to have little ambition towards the mills and workshops. The wharves and levees in the coast cities, and the cotton and rice plantations and the turpentine farms in the country suit their temperament. Hotel waiting, domestic and personal service and hair dressing, are the only indoor occupations for which the negroes have any strong inclination. These occupations, unlike the work in factories, are intermittent, and more to the liking of the negro than the constant application which would be demanded of him were he in charge of a weaver's loom, or any other machine to which he would have to give continuous care and attention.

In rural South Carolina the negroes are, as in days gone by, mostly employed in cultivating cotton, either as farm hands, or on their own account. The plantations are smaller, and the machinery for ginning and baling the cotton has been improved since Emancipation, otherwise the methods of raising cotton are little altered. The land is ploughed in February and March. The planting of the cotton seed begins about the middle of April, and in two or three weeks the plant is above ground, and requires much care. The latter half of June is the flowering season; open bolls appear about the beginning of August. Picking commences in the last week of August, and is general from the first to the twentieth of September. The crop is gone over three or four times, but it is all out of the fields by Christmas, and ready for ginning and baling.

In many respects the old plantation conditions are continued. The negro was given his cabin, his rations, his clothes and all the firewood he needed, when he was in slavery. He receives all these except clothes, under the existing free labour system, and in addition, eight or ten dollars a month as wages.

Cotton cultivation involves much exposure to the intense summer heat of South Carolina; but the work itself is not heavy when compared with farm work in England; and South Carolina people insist that the care formerly given to preserving the health of the slaves has bequeathed to the South an easy-going labour system which is not found elsewhere. All exposure to rain or bad weather is avoided without loss of wages to the negroes, and during the chilly weather, little work is obtained or expected of the negro labourers on a cotton plantation.

The negroes are miserably housed. Their cabins are usually square frame buildings of two rooms, unceiled, and with doors front and back opposite each other, giving a current of air right through the house. The windows

are unglazed; when the weather is cold the windows are closed both to air and light with shutters. The houses in the negro quarters of the large towns are not much better than those on the plantations.

Negroes who farm on their own account are usually the tenants of what are known in the South as one-mule farms. These generally comprise about thirty acres of land. With this land go a cabin and a shanty for the shelter of the mule, and for the storage of cotton until it is ginned. For these farms the rent is rarely paid in money. The landlord takes two bales of cotton in payment for the use of the land and shanties, and more cotton to the value of twenty-five dollars for the loan of the mule.

A negro working such a farm seldom has a dollar of ready cash. His landlord goes surety for him at the county store, and all the supplies he needs for himself and his family are obtained on credit, to be paid for when the cotton crop is picked. Not five per cent. of the negroes own the land they cultivate. Hundreds of the small white planters in South Carolina are little better dressed and little better fed than their negro neighbours. Crop-mortgages are almost as numerous with the white planters as with the negroes, and both are about equally under the heel of the storekeeper and the money-lender.

They have no knowledge of any other conditions of life and are seemingly satisfied with their lot. They are hopeful, easy-going and contented, troubling themselves scarcely at all about the future, and getting all the pleasure their surroundings afford. If a visitor remarks on the absence of window glass in their cabins, or on the fact that the walls are not weather-tight, the negroes answer that it is only during a few days in the year that they need close their doors and windows, and that at other times they live mostly out of doors. The negro can always find time for hunting and fishing. He takes to these pleasures as a boy, and it is a poor negro family in which the boys do not own a gun and a dog for rabbit and 'possum hunting.

DAWN.

BY MARIE EDITH BEYNON.

The darkest hour precedes the dawn,—
  Oh, precious thought for helpless pain!
When blackness gathers densest gloom,
  Night's robe is rent in twain.

The eyes that oft sad vigils keep
  Amid the hours so long and drear,
May close in peace, content to know
  A rift of light is near.

Pale sorrow bears the cup of strength,
  Reluctantly we drink it deep,
And when it soothes our restless hearts
  We say "Amen"—and sleep.

The waves that dash across the soul
  Like headlong currents in a stream,
Will spend their force and leave their toy
  To lull in placid dream.

Portage la Prairie, Man.

Then passive rest and bide thy time,
  Nor think thou art forsaken,
Because some cherished joy of life
  Its sudden flight has taken.

The flower that droops beneath the gale
  Or thirsts for draught of rain,
Will lift its grateful face and smile
  When sun-showers come again.

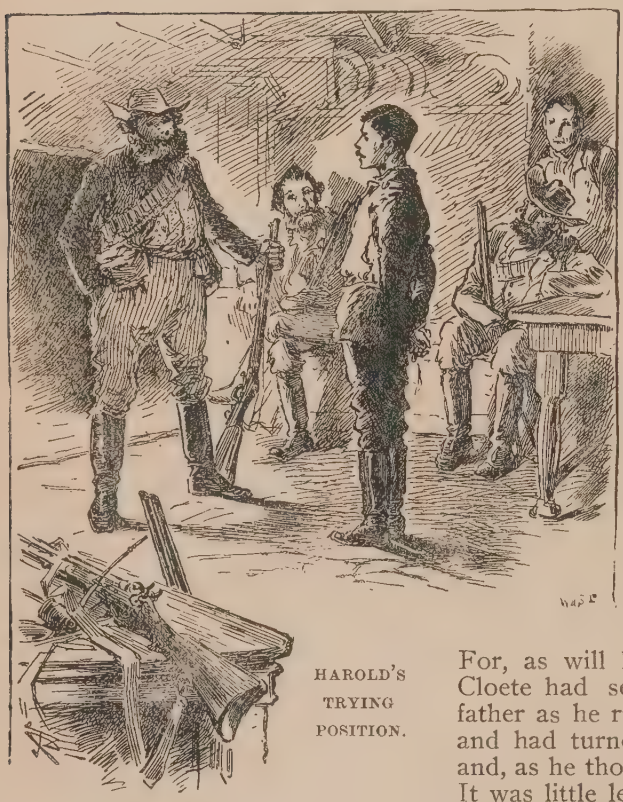
Some time when we grow strong again
  With sorrow's wine of pain and ruth,
The clinging veil of night will fall
  And show the dawn of truth.

We'll wake refreshed to greet new hopes
  And nobler dreams of heights unwon,
And learn by faith to pierce the gloom,
  Till earthly days are done.

THE BOER'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF MAJUBA HILL.

BY H. W.



HAROLD'S TRYING POSITION.

CHAPTER IV.

A few hours after the events just described, a curious scene was being enacted in the kitchen of an old farmhouse. Harold was undergoing his trial as a spy and prisoner of war. His hands were tied behind him, and he was confronted by a big, red-bearded man, who, standing with his back to the hearth, was asking him questions in slow, solemn accents of broken English. A number of men were sitting about the room watching the scene with great interest.

Harold's case seemed hopeless from the first. An English soldier, dressed in the uniform of a Boer, he was taken at once for a spy. There was little disposition to show him consideration, or indeed, to treat his case with any patience. Moreover, young Cloete had proved that he was engaged in the fight at Majuba Hill, and that it was by his hand that the old general, his father, had lost his life. For, as will have been gathered, Cloete had seen Harold kill his father as he rushed down the hill, and had turned round upon him, and, as he thought, shot him dead. It was little less than a miracle to him when he saw Harold in the company of his sister. She, poor girl, had been carried home half-fainting and distracted by the fierce rage of her brother and the discovery he had made to her about Harold.

For a long time she lay on her bed half-consciously revolving the late terrible incidents of her life. Of Harold, the man who had killed her father, she would at first hardly bring herself to think. It seemed as if nothing could possibly stem the sudden revulsion of feeling in her mind against him.

But she knew nothing of the

trial which was going forward in a neighbouring farm. When late in the afternoon she roused herself and crept downstairs, it was with a feeling of numbness and severance from human interests and emotions. There was some little stir in the hall. Her brother had just come in, and he greeted his sister with a cruel, half-triumphant smile of joy. She shuddered as she looked at him for some explanation.

"It is all up with your English friend," he said; "he is to be shot to-morrow morning."

"Why? How? Where?" cried Julia, roused from her lethargy to bewilderment. But her brother had walked off callously, and left her in a state of horrible dismay and suspense.

Poor Julia! she little knew how deep was her affection for Harold, and how great was her interest in his welfare. Indifference regarding him had succeeded her passionate resentment against him; but now her indifference was changed to a lively concern and solicitude.

She had saved his life; he was dear to her; she would not let him die. A woman's tenderness drowned all her hardness and indifference, and she soon reasoned away the instinctive resentment and anger she had felt towards him. He was a soldier, and her father had fallen at his hands by the mere chance of battle. Cruel indeed is the irony of war, in which men must oftentimes kill men of a kindred spirit, marked out by nature for the truest love, the closest friendship!

Harold had shown Julia the greatest gratitude and affection. To none, she felt sure, could the blow of this discovery about her father's death come harder than to him. Once resolved on saving him, every other thought was banished from her mind.

To appeal to her brother seemed useless; it would only be likely to arouse his suspicions, and put the escape she had at heart out of the question. Not knowing the ground upon which Harold had been condemned, it did not occur to her to appeal to his judges on his behalf. She supposed that he was to suffer a fate common to all prisoners of war. The suspicion under which he rested of being a spy, and to which he really owed his sentence, was unknown to her.

Harold's own mouth was sealed out of consideration for Julia, whose noble conduct would have involved her in trouble if it were to be measured according to the rough ideas of Boer justice. Moreover, Julia's brother had wickedly suppressed her story, and had, in fact, represented that he had discovered Harold as an English spy trying to worm information from his sister. This accusation, although it was vigorously denied by Harold, brought the trial to a speedy end.

CHAPTER V.

It was a stormy and tempestuous night. The lofty blue-gums were bending and creaking as the wind swept and lashed them against the white walls of an old farmstead. It was a square, lonesome old house some miles from the home of Julia Cloete. One light burned brightly in a front room, but the rest of the house was in darkness. On the stone floor of this room about half-a-dozen men were sleeping, wrapped closely in their blankets. One man was walking up and down in front of the window, peering occasionallly out into the darkness. He was evidently a sentinel, and he and his fellows were stationed as a guard over the house.

Leading out of this room was a small, bare, whitewashed apartment, which was Harold's cell. He sat in a corner, his face resting on his hands. He was so silent and motionless he might have been asleep; but sleep, indeed, was far from him. No ray of hope could now enlighten his gloom. He was a doomed man; and the fortune which had befriended him so often seemed to have left him irrevocably.

Julia had easily learned the place of Harold's imprisonment, and under the cover of night had hurried out into the darkness to see if anything could possibly be done to save him. Beaten, and half-baffled by the furious tempest, she hurried on, and at length reached the farm enclosure, and saw the light blazing in the front window, and the form of the sentinel passing and repassing across it.

Seizing a moment when the soldier moved from the window she hurried up and peered into the room. She saw the soldiers lying asleep on the floor, and the sentinel stretching himself in a desperate struggle against sleep. But of Harold she saw nothing. She walked quickly round the house, knocking at the dark windows as she went.

Harold heard the knock when she reached his window, and started up. It was unmistakably a deliberate knocking at the window down by some human hand. He peered through his bars into the darkness. The knocking was repeated, and Harold knocked back in answer. After a few more exchanges the knocking outside suddenly ceased. The window was screwed and bolted, and long bars on the inside spanned its whole length.

A moment later a crash was heard, and a few bits of glass fell into the room. The wind swept whistling through the hole as Harold approached to listen.

"Is it you?"

"Good heavens—Julia!" and Harold fairly staggered and flushed as he heard her unmistakable voice in a hushed whisper addressing him.

"I have come to try and save you."

"My dear girl," said Harold, "I thank you from my heart; but it is useless. My window is screwed and barred, and I, long ago, gave up all hope of escaping. But you are perishing in the storm. I'll rouse the soldiers to let you in."

"No, no!" said Julia; "I won't give you up yet." But the poor girl had no expedient to offer, and after a pause she added, despairing, "And must you die? Must you really die?"

"Julia," said Harold, "I love you dearly, and a long life's devotion could never tell you of my gratitude. But it must not be;

and I grieve to die only that it must take me from you. May you ever be happy in the memory of your noble sacrifice and goodness to me, of which now I know all. I don't care for death when I think how much, and how deeply, I have injured you. But come into the house," he added, "come in out of the storm."

Julia soon found that Harold could not escape by the window, and no other means had entered into her simple plans for his release.

She ran round the house, and again looked into the guard-room. The sentinel was still tramping up and down on his monotonous duty, and the soldiers were lying in the same position across Harold's doorway. Escape seemed hopeless, and Julia crouched down by the side of the house almost overcome with sorrow and despair. She determined to wait there until Harold should be led out at daybreak, and then to make a desperate appeal to his executioners.

All this time the storm had been slowly increasing in violence.

A vivid flash of lightning suddenly illuminated the surrounding country, and a long peal of thunder broke, as it seemed, right over the house. As the storm grew in violence Julia, trembling and half-dead from fear and exhaustion, cowered still closer to the shelterless wall.

Harold listened to the storm in his cell. He was terribly anxious and concerned on Julia's behalf, and had tried in vain to make the soldiers understand that a poor girl was outside perishing in the storm.

He knocked again and again at the window, and looked out into the dreadful darkness of the night.

Suddenly the earth is deluged with a dazzling and awful flood of light. The old house trembles, shakes, totters, and finally with a tremendous crash one side of it thunders to the ground. . .

When Harold recovered consciousness he was lying on his back among the ruins. The wind and the rain were beating against his face, and vast masses of black cloud were tearing along at a terrific rate overhead. Bruised and dizzy, he got up and stood bewildered among his surroundings. He soon remembered where he was, and the awful storm of which he had last been conscious. His thoughts turned at once to Julia, and he set out in quest of her. Half-buried in the ruins he found the body of one of his guards, and he trembled for the fate of the girl for whose safety he would willingly have died.

Lying clear of the ruins, which she had just escaped, Julia was only a few yards from him. Her hair was blowing about her beautiful face, which was white as ashes; her eyes were closed; her form was still.

In that awful sheet of lightning her troubles had suddenly ended, and her spirit was now rejoicing in reunion with her father in heaven.

THE END.

PEARLS OF FAITH.

Vast is the mercy of God, and when a man doeth aright,
Glad is the right-hand Angel, and setteth it quick on the roll;
Ten times he setteth it down in letters of heavenly light,
For one good deed ten deeds, and a hundred for ten on the scroll.

But when one doeth amiss, the right-hand Angel doth lay
His palm on the left-hand Angel, and whispers, "Forbear thy pen!
Peradventure in seven hours the man may repent him and pray;
At the end of the seventh hour, if it must be, witness it then."

—*Edwin Arnold.*

PRISON PHILANTHROPY AND PRISON REFORM.

BY THE REV. JOHN LATHERN, D.D.

I. Prison Philanthropy.

More than any other, the name of John Howard represents the cause of prison reform. Special recognition is accorded to him as "the philanthropist." It is not the purpose of this paper to furnish any complete biographical sketch of this eminent man; but, rather, to summarize the main facts of his life-work.

At the mature age of fifty-three, John Howard was appointed sheriff of Bedford, an inland county of England. The duties of this office brought the condition of prisoners under his immediate notice. Bedford gaol was the scene of John Bunyan's twelve years of imprisonment. It was here he dreamed his immortal dream. The condition of the gaol, with its two deep dungeons, was a shock to John Howard, and he was soon to find that other prisons of the country were in an even worse condition.

The state of prisons was at that time wretched beyond expression. In everything connected with the science of prison discipline, England seems to have been behind continental countries. Prison cells were below ground. They were dark and filthy in the extreme. Damp floors, dripping walls, stifled air, and insufficient food were the general characteristics. The expression, "to rot in prison" was then no mere figure of speech —but one of fearful significance. From time immemorial, preying upon the helpless and almost hopeless victims of these dreary abodes, there had raged an awful disease—with a character all its own—known as gaol fever.

The criminal code of that period was of Draconian type. Capital punishment visited nearly every kind of offence. A man might be put to death for breaking a hop-band in Kent, or for stealing an old coat of the value of five shillings in Middlesex. A case is on record of a man being hanged for stealing to the value of sixpence. Kill, not cure, was the spirit of penal laws. The disposal of criminals was a problem that baffled statesmen. It had been the custom to ship them to the Colonies. But now America refused to take them, and Botany Bay had not yet become a penal settlement. Laws became more stringent. An attempt was made to lighten the calendar by a wholesale death of criminals. But the experiment proved a failure. The vast numbers and parade of executions, instead of exerting deterrent effect, brutalized the masses of the people and hardened the hearts of spectators. It is not easy to realize that such a condition of things could be tolerated in an age and country which boasted of such statesmen as Pitt and Fox and Burke; the period in which Blackstone wrote his commentaries, and in which Wesley and Whitefield were making evangelism a power in the land.

It was Howard's wish that no person should suffer capitally but for murder and arson, and for house-breaking attended with acts of cruelty.

A glaring injustice, which at once arrested the attention of John Howard, was found in the fact that innocent persons might languish for years in prison, and were often suffered to die there. Judge and

jury might have declared them innocent, and they might have been freely acquitted by the voice of their country; but, if without the means of paying the fees of prison officials, instead of immediate discharge, these unfortunates were taken back to prison, and suffered equally with convicted criminals.

Howard was indignant at such wrong. It was brought before the judges at Bedford. The evil was admitted. But no change could be made without precedent. The Bench dreaded innovations. Sheriff Howard rode off at once through neighbouring counties. He went in search of precedent. But unexpected evils met his gaze. The whole system of prison discipline was at fault. There was fundamental wrong. Would it be possible to bring about a radical reform? The philanthropist had found his mission, and at once began his life-work. A resolve was formed to labour for the benefit of the suffering captive. By degrees his visitations extended to distant counties of his own land, to other countries of Europe, and, before the close of his sublime career, to other continents of the world.

Within a few months of that first journey, John Howard visited nearly every part of Great Britain for the purpose of prison inspection. It was a common thing to find underground dungeons, small, damp, and offensive cells—no yards, no water, no light, no fresh air—the debtors with no allowance, and the gaolers with no salary except what could be extorted from the prisoners. Debtors, felons, petty offenders, young and old, penitent and hardened, were found huddled together; and in many cases, the evil was aggravated by the prevalence of virulent fever in their midst.

But John Howard's philanthropy was not to be bounded by national lines or limits. He linked himself to humanity. He travelled through the bleak plains of Russia, the passes of Switzerland, the sunny plains of Italy, or was tossed amid the waters of the Mediterranean or Adriatic Seas. The cases of individual woe which he investigated may be imagined, but not adequately described. "They were such," says a writer on prison reform, "as might have wrung tears of blood; pale and haggard faces on which the light had not looked until its glare pained the glazed and hollow eye; spirits broken and hearts hopeless; ghastly beings who had long years ago left all paths where comfort encourages and where better prospects smile, and who now stood facing mankind with demoniac scowl and the gaunt defiance of despair; men who for small debts languished in a loathsome prison; women lying desolate, far away from every friendly eye and every cheering word; brother mortals driven mad by anguish and cruel usage."

At the close of his fifth continental journey, John Howard found that in the cause of prison reform he had travelled 42,000 miles; and these were not the days of railway and steamboat facilities, but of slow coach travelling, that involved severe physical toil. He visited prisons, hospitals, bridewells, lazarettoes, and even penetrated within the walls of the Bastile—"horrid towers, the abode of broken hearts"—and of the Inquisition in Spain.

Another mission was undertaken of a like beneficent character, and of sublime daring. Europe was then menaced by the appearance of a pestilence, known as the plague. As it moved slowly on, strewing its path with pallid faces and stricken forms, men stood aghast at the menace of its approach. John Howard determined to visit the seat of the pestilence. In those

countries in which it takes its rise, he hoped to find the secret of its baleful energy. He plunged into the very depths of disease, and visited pest-houses where none dared accompany him. Breathing the pestilential air, others fell dead at his feet, but for the time he seemed to bear a charmed life. While visiting a case of fever in Russia, he caught the infection, and sacrificed his life in the cause of humanity. A nation mourned his loss. In commemoration of his unexampled labours a noble and fitting monument was erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, beneath the dome and golden cross which shines o'er city and river. The figure of John Howard is in life-size on the pedestal. His right hand holds a key, and his left grasps a roll. At his feet are broken chains. An inscription tells of his eminent services to his country and to mankind; how he trod an open but unfrequented path to immortality, in the ardent and unintermittent exercise of Christian charity, and traversed a large part of the civilized world to reduce the sum of human misery. John Howard died January, 1790.

II. Prison Reform.

A volume of current interest, "Through Prison Bars," by William R. Render, contains some very valuable information on questions of penal reform. It furnishes bright and racy sketches of John Howard and Elizabeth Fry, and also a brief statement of the aims and achievements of several philanthropic societies in England.

The Ladies' Prison Association was founded in 1813, and two years later, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton formed the society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline. In 1839, the Ladies' Society was instituted for the patronage of discharged prisoners. From this time, societies for prison reform sprang up all over the kingdom, and were copied in America, Australia, and many other parts of the world.

One of the most influential of London societies is that of the Howard Association. Its name is fragrant, and it exists for the promotion of the best methods of preventing crime and of penal treatment; its main object being to educate the public mind to the importance of reformation and preventive treatment of crime. The Reformatory and Refuge Union, of London, with 754 Homes, has for its motto: "To seek and to save that which is lost. The Royal Society for the Assistance of Discharged Prisoners has, during the forty years of its operations, assisted more than 18,000 convicts; seeking to hold out a helping hand on their discharge, obtaining employment for them at a distance from their former surroundings and associates. The Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, of London, founded in 1864, is a kindred institution. It deals chiefly with a class of prisoners undergoing short sentences, to a large extent first offenders, and presenting most hopeful cases for treatment. One of the best methods of mastering the problems of prison reform is to understand the operations of the societies above enumerated, and such as they.

There is still an ample sphere, however, for promoting the work of prison reform. The report of an interview on the penal system of English prisons, which appeared in the London Daily Chronicle, September 1st, 1896, shows that penal servitude must be a terrible experience, and that there is still a broad margin for reform.

The report of the Commission on the Prison and Reformatory System of Ontario, 1891, forms a

most comprehensive and valuable work of reference on the subject of prison reform. Evidence of experienced officials and others was taken in regard to vital matters. Inquiry had reference to the extent of defective classification and corrupting influence of prisoners, the possibility under existing conditions of a perfect or only a partial classification, the separation of youths of both sexes from adults, secular and religious instruction, occupation and employment, and indeterminate sentences. The inquiry was extended to the United States, the principal penal establishments of Europe, as well as to the chief cities and centres of Canada. We have no means of knowing to what extent the cause of prison reform in Ontario has been promoted through this commission and its report. Such a presentation, sustained by statistics, experience, and observation, must have been influential for good upon the public mind. Many of its suggestions could be utilized to great advantage in our penal institutions down here by the sea.

By a coincidence, the request of the Editor for an article on John Howard and Prison Reform, reached the writer just after attendance at a committee for considering some phases of penal reform. The Rock Head Prison, Halifax, N.S., needs to take a step in advance. The governor, for many years in office, has shown great executive ability. But he works within limitations. Saving of expenditure has to be considered quite as much as the reclaiming of humanity for good and industrial uses. On the line of policy, the prison stands where it stood a half a century ago, and very likely represents the status of many similar institutions through the Dominion. The pressing problems to be dealt with are separation of the first offenders from hardened criminals, suitable employment for both sexes, provision for discharged prisoners, sanitation, water supply, and something more of religious instruction. It costs money to make a prison system reformatory as well as penal. But in the name of humanity can there be any better investment of public funds ?

GLIMPSES.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Life comes to us only by glimpses ;
  We see it not yet as a whole
For the vapour, the cloud and the shadow
  That over it surging roll ;
For the dimness of mortal vision,
  That mingles the false with the true ;
Yet its innermost, fathomless meaning
  Is never quite hidden from view.

The hills lift aloft the glad secret,
  It is breathed by the whispering leaves,
The rivers repeat its music,
  The sea with its harmony heaves—
The secret of that living gospel
  Which freshened the veins of the earth,
When Love, named in heaven the Redeemer,
  Was revealed in a human birth.

Life shows us its grandeur by glimpses,
  For what is this wondrous to-day
But a rift in the mist-ruffled vastness
  Of surrounding eternity ?

One law for this hour and far futures ;
  One light on the distant and near ;
The bliss of the boundless hereafter
  Pulses into the brief moments here.

The secret of life—it is giving ;
  To minister and to serve ;
Love's law binds the man to the angel,
  And ruin befalls if we swerve.
There are breaths of celestial horizons
  Overhanging the commonest way ;
The clod and the star share the glory,
  And to breathe is an ecstacy.

Life dawns on us, wakes us by glimpses ;
  In heaven there is opened a door—
That flash lights up vistas eternal ;
  The dead are the living once more !
To illumine the scroll of creation
  One swift sudden vision sufficed !
Every riddle of life worth the reading
  Has found its interpreter—Christ !

THE EARLY AGES OF THE HUMAN RACE.

II.

It is in the Post-Glacial Period that we find the earliest undoubted remains of Man, and as he seems during the whole era to have been ignorant of the metals and to have used only weapons of stone and of bone, the era has been very properly termed the Palaeolithic (or Old Stone) Period. It must be remembered that the Palaeolithic Period corresponds to the Post-Glacial Epoch, and its occurrence is as clearly marked in North America as it is in Western Europe. Remains of Man in Europe during this era consist of his bones, weapons, and various implements, and they occur either in the valley-gravels, the bone-caves, or the hill stations, whilst the antiquity of these remains is proved, partly from their being associated with the bones of extinct animals, and partly from the age of the deposits in which they are discovered.

There are few bones of Palaeolithic Man in England. In France, however, a splendid collection of Palaeolithic skulls and bones has been discovered in the Department of the Dordogne, in the Pyrenees, and in other detached situations; while in Italy, near Mentone, the caverns have yielded human remains of similar antiquity. In Belgium, the caverns of Lesse, of Spy, and of Liege, have all furnished human remains which belong to the Palaeolithic Period, and the gravels and caves of Germany have also rendered up their treasures of ancient skulls and skeletons.

From these relics anatomists have constructed a perfect picture of the men of the Palaeolithic Age, and have divided them into the following races. First, the Canstadt race; the men of which had long (dolichocephalic) heads, low foreheads, and projecting jaws. They were savage and brutal, and they ranged over Western Europe from Bohemia to Belgium and to Gibraltar. Secondly, the Cro-Magnon race, which was confined to Belgium, France, and Italy. These men were also dolichocephalic, but they were tall, had splendid heads, and were of great mental power. Thirdly, the Furfooz race, which was confined to France and Belgium, and the men of which were short, feeble, and round-headed or brachycephalic. Both Sir William Dawson and Mr. Laing consider the Canstadt race to be the oldest, but there is no proof of this assertion. The skulls of Spy—which are of Canstadt type—undoubtedly go far back into the Palaeolithic Period, but the splendid skull of Engis, of the Cro-Magnon race, is at least equally old, and has been thought by Mr. Duncan to be the oldest skull in Europe. It is of fine form and might have contained the brains of a philosopher. The two races evidently appeared in Europe simultaneously. Holding the view that the Palaeolithic men were the Biblical Antediluvians, Sir William Dawson thinks that the Canstadt race represents the Cainites, the Furfooz people are the Sethites, and the mighty men of Cro-Magnon may be considered the "giants" and "mighty men of renown," who lived before the Flood; the speculation is ingenious, but of course is a mere supposition.

The weapons of Palaeolithic Man were of flint and of bone. He chipped flint into knives, arrow-heads, lance-points and hatchets, and many of the flint arrow-heads from Southern France are finely

formed. The bone spears and harpoons are skilfully barbed and beautifully polished, but no weapons of metal belonging to these men have anywhere been discovered. Sir William Dawson's account of these Palaeolithic hunters is admirable, and as we read it we seem to see the life of these earliest men raised before our eyes. They were dressed in skins, curiously sown by bone needles. They had domesticated the horse, and also used it for food. Although ignorant of agriculture, they were great hunters and fishers, and they even traded to distant regions for stones, minerals, and shells. They buried their dead, either in caves or on the hills, and they showed their faith in a future life by burying with the deceased his food, his weapons, and his ornaments.

But the surprising characteristic of these earliest men is their artistic ability. On bones, horns, and fragments of slate, they carved representations of animals, men, and hunting scenes. They ornamented their bone wands with beautiful representations of leaves, and their delineation of the animals is so faithful, that Professor Boyd-Dawkins says in admiration—"The most clever sculptor of modern times would, probably, not succeed very much better, if his graver was a splinter of flint, and stone and bone were the materials to be engraved." Truly these ancient men had a fine mental power, and possessed a high appreciation of the sublime and beautiful in Nature.

Here is Sir William Dawson's picture of one of these warriors of primeval days :

A Cro-Magnon "brave," tall, muscular and graceful in movement, clad in well-dressed skins, ornamented with polished shells and ivory pendants, with a pearly-shell helmet, probably decked with feathers, and armed with his flint-headed lance and skull-cracker of reindeer antler, handsomely carved, must have been a somewhat noble savage, and he must have rejoiced in the chase of the mammoth, rhinoceros, the bison, and the wild horse and reindeer, and in launching his curiously constructed harpoons against the salmon and other larger fish that haunted the rivers.

We may add to this description, that the Cro-Magnon "brave" was probably mounted on a shaggy horse, the mane of which was cut with artistic taste; that his bow and quiver were hung over his shoulders; and that his face was painted red with oxide of iron.

While these Palaeolithic men were struggling against mighty beasts in the forests of Western Europe, what changes were taking place in lands further east? Sir William Dawson tries to furnish the reply, and he refers us to Egypt and to Syria. The chill of the Glacial Period made itself felt even in Palestine, for the Glaciers of Lebanon were then so extensive that the cedars of Lebanon grow on the moraine of an ancient glacier. Sir William Dawson thinks that in the Pleistocene Period, most of Egypt and of Northern Africa was submerged beneath the sea to a depth of 500 feet, which is proved by the terraces, raised beaches, and beds of sea-shells, in these regions. No human relics therefore can be found in Egypt of this period. Afterwards—during what was in Europe the Palaeolithic Era—the land rose, and the Nile, running through a forest-clad valley, fell into the Red Sea. Some chips and flakes of flint have been discovered as belonging to this period, but it is Sir William Dawson's opinion that they are probably of natural origin. He gives a most interesting account of the caves of the Lebanon, which are situated in the Nahr-el-Kelb Pass, and contain flint implements. They have yielded also bones of

the Mammoth, reindeer, and woolly rhinoceros, so that the men who inhabited them must have been contemporaneous with the races of Canstadt and Cro-Magnon in Europe.

He thus restores the scenery of the coast of Syria, as it might appear in the Palaeolithic Period—

> If in imagination we suppose ourselves to visit the caves of the Nahr-el-Kelb Pass, when they were inhabited by these early men, we should find them to be tall muscular people, clothed in skins, armed with flint-tipped javelins and flint hatchets, and cooking the animals caught in the chase in the mouths of their caves. They were probably examples of the ruder and less civilized members of that powerful and energetic antediluvian population which had apparently perfected so many arts, and the remains of whose more advanced communities are now buried in the silt of the sea bottom. If we looked out westward on what is now the Mediterranean, we should see a wide wooded or grassy plain as far as the eye could reach, and perhaps might discern vast herds of elephants, rhinoceros, and bison, wandering over those plains in their annual migrations. Possibly, on the far margin of the land, we might see tho smoke of antediluvian towns, long age deeply submerged in the sea.

As the Palaeolithic Period drew towards its close in Western Europe the climate is supposed to have grown colder. This is thought to be shown by the abundance of the remains of the reindeer in France and Belgium at this time, and the name of the Reindeer Period has consequently been given to this era. The reasoning, however, is fallacious. The cave-dwellers of this period may have kept herds of tame reindeer for food, or for other purposes, while the fact that the hippopotamus lived in the rivers of France down to the close of the Palaeolithic Period, proves that no cold climate could then have existed. The relics of Man, found in Kent's Cavern, at Torquay, and in the caves of Cresswell Crags, in Derbyshire—and which consist of bone pins, needles, and harpoons—are supposed to be of the age of the Reindeer Period; and an engraving of a horse discovered in the latter caves is particularly interesting, as it is the only relic of the Palaeolithic artists which has been found in England.

In Belgium, at this time, a community of cave-dwellers inhabited the caverns in the valley of the Lesse, and buried their dead in the caves near the banks of the river. In the cave of Frontal, in this valley, M. Dupont discovered a sepulchral chamber containing sixteen skeletons, the aperture of which was closed by a large slab of limestone. The Palaeolithic Age of the sepulchre at Frontal is incontrovertibly established.

The antiquity of the Palaeolithic Period is an interesting question. Sir William Dawson thinks that the oldest human remains of this era are not more than 8,000 years old, but Mr. Laing declares that Man existed in Pre-Glacial times, and that his antiquity is at least 250,000 years. This estimate may easily be shown to be utterly erroneous, and Sir Henry Howorth has declared that the estimates of the enormous antiquity of Post-Glacial Man are grotesque exaggerations. There are no certain traces of Man before the Glacial Period, and as we cannot tell what occasioned the Great Ice Age, we cannot say if it came on slowly or rapidly. Many leading geologists, however, have declared that the Glacial Period departed with extraordinary rapidity, and Professor Dana considers that the great ice-sheet of North America melted at the astonishing rate of a mile a day, which of course occasioned tremendous inundations.

As Palaeolithic Man is Post-Glacial, we have to ask, how long ago did the Glacial Period close? Sir Joseph Prestwich thinks that it

passed away 8,000 or 10,000 years ago, or even less. Mr. Mackintosh thinks that it closed in England about 8,000 years from the present day, and Dr. Southall, and Dr. Andrews, of Chicago, quite agree with this opinion. The evidence obtained from North America, proving the recent close of the Glacial Period, is positively overwhelming. Streams have cut only shallow channels in glacial deposits; lakes formed in glacial clays are but slightly filled up by inflowing streams; and the marks of the old glaciers on the rocks are as fresh as if made yesterday. From these evidences Professor Wright concludes that the Glacial Period closed from 7,000 to 10,000 years ago, and he even considers that the melting of the last portion of the North American ice-sheet took place only a few thousand years before the present time. These calculations effectually dispose of the estimates of an immense antiquity for Man.

The end of the Palaeolithic Age was marked by a great catastrophe. The land sank, and the waters of the sea rolled in over vast tracts of Europe, Asia, and America. This great change is fully admitted by Sir William Dawson, who considers it—and we think rightly—to be the Noachian Deluge. Sir Henry Howorth seems to have proved that it destroyed the great mammalia of the Northern Hemisphere, and Sir Joseph Prestwich has expressed the same opinion. Both these able geologists believe that this tremendous diluvial catastrophe was the Deluge of Noah. The proofs of this cataclysm are found in the sudden and complete disappearance of the great beasts at the end of the Palaeolithic Period, in the enormous and confused deposits of animal remains belonging to this era, and in the vast beds of sand, clay, and gravel which were deposited by the tumultuous waters. Palaeolithic Man, also, suddenly disappeared at this time. He did not die out slowly, nor did he migrate to distant regions, but, like the great beasts with which he was associated, he perished at a time when "waters prevailed above measure on the face of the earth." So, amidst fearful convulsions, and overwhelming invasions of the waters, closed the first human era, with its great beasts, its mighty rivers, its active human hunters, and its skilful human artists.

The curtain falls over Europe at the close of the Palaeolithic Age, and when it rises again all is new, and we find ourselves in another world. A mighty change has taken place, and, although the flora of Europe is the same as before, the fauna has entirely altered. We no longer see lions, tigers, elephants, hyenas, rhinoceroses, and hippopotamuses, for these great beasts are gone forever; and in their place there appears only the meagre collection of wild animals which was known in Europe at the dawn of the Historical Era. A new race of men, with new forms, new weapons, and new habits, presents itself before our eyes. We have entered the Second Era of human history, or, as it is usually called, the Neolithic Period. The antiquities of this era, which are supposed to be the oldest, are the shell-mounds, or Kitchen Middens. These are great heaps on the Danish coasts formed by the shells of oysters, mussels, and limpets, which were thrown away by wandering tribes after their repast. Only the bones of animals now living in Europe are found in these heaps, and with them are associated polished flint weapons and fragments of coarse pottery. Similar shell-heaps are found along the Ameri-

can coasts, and are now formed on the sea-shore by the Fuegians and by the Indians of Alaska.

The oldest of the lake villages, in Switzerland, and in other parts of Europe, also belong to this era. These settlements were built on piles driven into the mud at the bottom of the lakes, platforms were constructed on these piles, and on the platforms the huts were erected. Many of these villages were inhabited in later times, and some were built even as late as the days of the Roman Emperors. The lake-dwellers were agriculturists also, and possessed domestic animals, such as the dog, the ox, the pig, the sheep, and the goat. Mr. Laing declares that these Neolithic lake-dwellers were ignorant of agriculture, but his statement is contradicted by the facts. At Robenhausen—a Neolithic settlement—corn and bread, together with the ears of wheat and barley, were discovered; at Wangen, also, another lake-village in Switzerland of the same age, quantities of corn were found, associated with baked bread.

The most ancient of the rude-stone monuments in Europe were probably raised by the men of the Neolithic Period, although their construction was continued down to later times. The dolmens, cromlechs, menhirs, and stone circles of our moorlands, were, many of them, raised by the men of this era, although the monuments of hewn stone are, of course, much later. Even in the present day, the natives of the Khasia Hills, in North-Eastern India, erect great stone monuments, and dolmens, cromlechs and menhirs may be seen standing on these hills in great numbers.

Who were the Neolithic inhabitants of Europe, and to what race did these raisers of shell-mounds, builders of lake-villages, and constructors of rude-stone monuments belong? They are quite different from their predecessors in Europe, the men of the Palaeolithic Period. The Palaeolithic men were wanderers and hunters; they were tall and athletic; they were ignorant of agriculture, and had but one domestic animal, the horse; and they were most skilful artists. The Neolithic men were settlers, shepherds, and agriculturists; they were short and feeble; they had many domestic animals; and, strange to say, they had not the slightest artistic ability. We have evidently here two entirely different races.

The Neolithic people clearly belonged to the Turanian division of the human family; for their skeletons, habits and dwellings differ entirely from those of the Aryan branch of mankind; and the raising of rude-stone monuments seems to have been pre-eminently a Turanian custom. After the Diluvial Catastrophe had desolated Europe, and had destroyed both Palaeolithic Man and the great beasts associated with him, the Turanians were the first men who arrived in the European continent. They seemed to have entered Europe in three different streams, and by three distinct routes. The northern division of these Turanians passed through Russia, Germany, and Scandinavia, and penetrated even to the western portions of Great Britain. Traces of these old inhabitants may still be found in the primitive customs and weird religious rites in Western Ireland and in the Hebrides. The central stream of the Turanians passed from Asia-Minor into Greece, and from thence into Italy and France. In the Aegaean Archipelago they were the Pelasgi, in Italy they became the Etruscans, and on the north-western shores of the Mediterranean they were represented by the Ligurians. The Southern Turanian division journeyed along the southern shores

of the Mediterranean, and passing through Algeria, raised many of the rude stone monuments in that region. Thence they crossed into Spain, and became the Iberians and Aquitanians. They ultimately entered Britain, settled in Southern Ireland, and a branch of them became the Silures of Western Wales. Such seem to have been the earliest wanderers in Europe, who belonged to the existing races of the human family, and it was not until later times that the vanguard of the Aryans spread over Northern and Southern Europe.

The ages of Polished Stone, Bronze, and Iron probably existed in Europe at the same time, for they are not marked by any distinct faunas, and are merely phases through which different regions have passed successively. Doubtless, whilst much of Europe was in the age of Polished Stone, the Empires of Egypt and Chaldea were in their early stages, and perhaps even in their powerful splendour and development. Mr. Laing's account of the earliest civilizations is, to our mind, the most valuable portion of his book. In charming style he describes the oldest condition of Egypt, Chaldea, Phoenicia, Arabia, and the countries contiguous. The temples of Egypt, the towers of the Akkadians, the pig-tailed and woollen-clothed Hittites, and the priest-kings of Saba, all seem to rise before our eyes. We seem to stand before the palaces of Troy and Mycenae; the great fleets of Egypt plough the sea beneath our gaze; and we appear to witness the desperate attack on Egypt by the Mediterranean nations, and their ultimate overthrow by the Egyptian armies. We wish that Mr. Laing had written more on the ancient history of the East, for he has evidently studied the subject thoroughly.

The Etruscans differed from most Turanian nations, by being a naval people. Their vessels traversed the Mediterranean in all directions, and their fleets—allied with confederates—twice attacked Egypt; first, in the reign of Merenphtah, and afterwards in that of Rameses III. But the naval supremacy of the Etruscans waned before the maritime activity of the Phoenicians. These indefatigable traders, coasting along the Mediterranean shores, passed the Pillars of Hercules, and established their famous settlement of Gaddir, near the site of the modern Cadiz.

About the year B.C. 350 Pytheas made his famous voyage to the seas of Northern Europe. The vessels under his charge coasted the shores of Portugal, and, crossing the Bay of Biscay, sailed up the English Channel. He landed in Kent, where he found the Celtic farmers busy harvesting, so that the Aryan invasion of Western Europe must have occurred long before. From Britain he sailed to Denmark, and, entering the Baltic, penetrated eastward as far as the Vistula. With the voyage of Pytheas the Pre-Historic Era of Northern Europe may be said to close.

On reviewing the whole period of Pre-Historic Times, from the Post-Glacial Era to the voyage of Pytheas, the idea which strikes us most forcibly is the high intellectual character of the earliest men. The Palaeolithic men—the first revealed to us by science—had heads as large as the average inhabitant of Western Europe in the present day, or even larger, and they must have possessed brains at least equal in size to any men now living, while in strength, and stature, and form, they were as far removed from apes as are the modern Europeans. Evolutionists admit the fact, and agree that the oldest men known were as far removed

from apes or ape-like ancestors as are the men of the present time. Mr. Laing, while admitting this, draws from it an argument in favour of the great antiquity of Man, for he says that, if there be any truth in the Darwinian Theory, Man's ancestors must go back immensely far, and must have existed in the Pliocene Period or even earlier. The "if" here is of prodigious importance. We believe that most investigators, after weighing all the evidence, will decide that, as the earliest men were, at least, as human as the North American Indian or the Zulu Kaffir; and that, as no human bones whatever are undoubtedly found which are earlier than these splendid Post-Glacial (or Palaeolithic) men; it is therefore certain that geological and archaeological researches give a verdict strongly opposed to the idea that Man has been developed from an ape, or from any ape-like creature.

The picture of these earliest men in the Palaeolithic Period is full of fascinating interest. We see them bestriding their shaggy horses, chasing the wild ox, and transfixing the reindeer with their arrows. They stand on the rocks by the river's bank, and plunge their harpoons into the water after the fish; while they watch the elephant and the rhinoceros coming through the woods to drink of the river, and gaze at the hippopotamus floating on the waters. As darkness closes in they repair to their cavern. They make their clothes and frame their weapons by the flickering light of their fire. They listen to the roaring of the wind in the trees in the forest, and to the howling of the wolves and hyenas, against which animals they have carefully to guard their habitation. Their wants are few. The woods, the grassy plains, and the great rivers furnish them with abundant supplies of food, and their lives are quiet, peaceful, and happy.

But the end of this ancient race at last arrives. Great convulsions take place and the land begins to sink. The sea rolls in and the lowlands are submerged, while the hills rise like islands above the waters. The animals in terror seek for safety. Vast herds of elephants, lions, deer, bears, and wolves, trembling, howling, and bellowing, congregate on the loftiest heights. Men climb the hill-sides to escape from the catastrophe and join with the animals on the summits, while the roaring waters rise ever higher and higher. As the darkness descends, we dimly discern trunks, tusks, and antlers, tossing in the air, and then the blackness of night enwraps everything in a funereal pall.

So perished the men of the earliest period of human history. They were overwhelmed by the surging waters of tumultuous inundations. They sank beneath the waves of the Great Flood, along with the elephant, the lion and the rhinoceros, which had been their companions, and they left neither legend, record, nor tradition, behind them—

> "Like the dew on the mountain,
> Like the foam on the river,
> Like the bubble on the fountain,
> They are gone, and forever."

—*London Quarterly.*

THE QUIET HOUR.

The quiet of a shadow-haunted pool
  Where light breaks through in glorious tenderness,
Where the hushed pilgrim in the shadow cool
  Forgets the way's distress.
Such is this hour, this silent hour with Thee!
  The trouble of the restless heart is still;
And every swaying wish breathes reverently
  The whisper of Thy will.

MISSIONS: THE POLITICS OF GOD.

BY THE REV. CHAS. H. HUESTIS, M.A.

The missionary idea is the politics of God : It is God's plan in Christ for the redemption of human society. This is the teaching of history in the light of revelation. "History," says Professor Freeman, "is past politics : politics is present history."

The Christian conception of history is the world for Christ. "All history," Renan acutely observes, "is incomprehensible without Christ." The interpretation of history is the coming of the kingdom of God. The end of all things, the "one far-off, divine event to which the whole creation moves," is the government of the world by Jesus Christ, the Son of God. It is the answer to the universal prayer, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth." It is the realization of that golden age of which poet and prophet have spoken, and for which the great heart of humanity has never ceased to long. It is the crystallization of the vision of John on Patmos; New Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven ; the tabernacling of God with men. Its symbol is the cross; its impulse, the love of Christ; its faith, in God and humanity; its hope, the coming of Christ on earth, and the ultimate triumph of righteousness. Its motto is twofold, "Christ for the world : the world for Christ."

Let me put what I have to say under two heads, by making the following assertions : (I say assertions, because I have no opinions here, but convictions.)

1. It is the work of the world to serve the Christ.

2. It is the work of Christ to serve the world.

The world belongs to Christ. This was the thought of an inspired prophet of God, ages ago. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world." As through the ages the power of God brought cosmos out of chaos, and brought harmony out of discord, so through the centuries has Christ, by the power of the cross, been hushing the discord of human society, quelling the savage in the heart of man, and guiding all things in accordance with His own will.

This is the clear teaching of history. Men and nations have lived for Christ. They had their day and ceased to be : they were but "broken lights" of Christ.

You are familiar with Munkacsy's picture of Christ before Pilate. On the judgment seat sits Pilate, with hard Roman face and close cropped head, a soldier, and no judge, the incarnation of Roman martial power. At his feet a group of Jewish priests and lawyers, proud of their ecclesiastical privileges, clad in robes of sanctity, with hate upon their faces, and vengeance in lip and eye. In the centre, guarded by soldiers, between two spears, stands the Christ in white raiment: behind, the rabble shouting, "Crucify Him." That is the picture. As we look at it, as we gaze upon that central figure—at the face of Jesus, at those eyes with their searching look into the face of the halting Pilate, we feel somehow that the criminal is the judge. That Pilate, and Roman supremacy, and those letters of power upon the columns at the side of the judgment seat, S. P. Q. R., and the very pavement he stands upon, are there because

He is there. Pilate, his name lives because of Christ. Caesar, Alexander, who were they but missionaries of the cross? As God said of another heathen conqueror, so of these, "I have girded thee, though thou hast not known me." The legions of Caesar penetrated the wilderness of Germany and Britain, and laid the ways of civilization. Caesar was another John the Baptist, crying, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." After Caesar came Christ.

Yes, through the centuries Christ has been Master. As in the days of old He used the brute force of Samson to work out his eternal plan, so in these later centuries he turned the selfish ambition of Bonaparte and the wild passion of the French Revolution to the same end.

The same is true of the history of to-day. Sometimes we almost despair of the triumph of the cross in the midst of the evil of modern times. But to him who sees, never were there so many signs of Christ's coming. It seems to me that we are on the threshold of a new day. The storm and stress of society, the social struggles, the decay of creeds, the intense religious activity, are not these the travail pains out of which is to be born a new era for the world—an era, I believe, in which Christ and Christ's kingdom shall be understood and honoured as never before.

At any rate, God seems to be driving men on to that place where they shall be forced to decide for Christ, or against him; for the kingdom of God, or the anarchy of atheism.

Nature serves Christ. Christ and nature are akin. The lessons of nature are the teachings of God. What God tells us by the voices of nature, He told us in all clearness, in the face and word of Jesus Christ. There is an attempt in these days to make out that nature is malefic and evil. But nature is Christ's; nature's laws His ways of working. To turn water into wine was no miracle to Christ. He does that in the vintage of every autumn. Christ appealed to nature. Would He teach a lesson of trust in God and the method of Christian growth? "Consider the lilies," He said. Would He seek to typify His own eternal sacrifice for the sin of the world in the terms of biology? "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone." "The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains, are not these, O soul, the vision of Him who reigns? Is not the vision He?"

No, not He, but the thought of Him, the work of Him, reflecting His own character. So that the poet is right when, taking a wild flower from the cleft in the rock, he says:

> "Flower in the crannied wall,
> I pluck out of the crannies:
> Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
> Little flower—but if I could understand
> What you are, root and all, and all in all,
> I should know what God is and man is."

To listen to the voice of nature is to give ear to the voice of God. Religion serves Christ. Religious thought is becoming more and more Christian. We are, moreover, recognizing to a greater extent how much of Christ is in the great religions of the world. The attitude of the missionary of to-day toward the religions of the East, and of the people he labours amongst, is not that of contempt for their faiths, as was too often the case in the past. He recognizes that there is something divine in all faiths, and upon that he seeks to build, as Paul, on Mars Hill, pointed the Greeks to the true God to whom, though unknown to them, they had builded an altar.

Moreover, theology is becoming

Christo-centric as never since apostolic days. The trend of modern Christianity is back to Christ, and forward to the city of God. The supreme theme of modern preaching is Christ and Him crucified.

Human progress serves Christ. The world moves on in the way of God. The hand of God is plainly seen in history. As certainly and unerringly as in the days of old the Jews followed through the wilderness the evident presence of the Most High, so does human society, in spite of rebellion and wickedness, march forward in the way Christ leads. The world was never so under the mastery of Satan as in the day of Christ. It was never so under the mastery of Christ as to-day. Compare the social condition of Athens in the days of Pericles, or of Rome in the golden Augustine age, with that of a city of England or America to-day.

If, as Mr. Kidd tells us, and his position is in entire harmony with the teachings of Christ, the absolute test of the superiority of one people or time over another is social efficiency, the comparison is odious for the Greek or Roman. Not only was morality of the narrowest and most selfish kind, but the conception of duty or responsibility to others outside the community did not exist. The Greeks had never any real conception of humanity. Men of literary tastes speak admiringly of the ideal splendour of the republic. A republic indeed where three-fourths of the citizens were the goods and chattels of the other fourth. A republic whose leading philosopher, Aristotle, argues that slavery is the cornerstone of civilization, and must exist in order that the free citizens may have leisure to read noble poems, admire beautiful marbles, and deliver eloquent orations on behalf of freedom. That was the idea of a republic till Jesus Christ came into the world and taught us better. I do not know that I can show the degraded social consciousness of Greece better than in this observation of Ruskin, "There are no children in Greek art."

When we turn to Rome, the case is blacker still. Matthew Arnold is not a man to belittle the ancient world, yet he writes :

> "On that hard Roman world disgust
> And secret loathing fell,
> Deep weariness and sated lust
> Made human life a hell."

Read the Satires of Juvenal, or hear those words of Tacitus, "We can but stand at the cavern's mouth, and cast a single ray of light into its depths. Were we to enter, our lamp would be quenched by the foul things that would cluster round it." And all this in the presence of such splendour of material surroundings, and such supremacy of literary and artistic taste and creation, such as the world has never seen before or since.

Not only is progress Christian—making for Christ, but the method of progress is also Christian. All progress has been and is through sacrifice. The men who have helped the world on have been its servants and not its masters. All progress is by sacrifice. The soil of the earth is red with the blood of its saviours. The cross is the type of salvation, ethical, political, social, intellectual. He that loses his life shall find it. In the thought of every people in every age is to be found this idea, that salvation and progress can be attained only through the sacrifice of some for the rest. And this is Christian. This is the idea of the cross. True progress is not material, but spiritual. The greatness of city or nation is in the ideas it incarnates. Occidental civilization marches onward, because at

the basis of it are the ideas of Christ.

Some tell us to-day to leave the East to its own religions. It is no good, they say, to send Christianity to the Hindus or Chinese. Let well enough alone. The entire argument against such fallacy is put in Tennyson's words :

> " Better fifty years of Europe,
> Than a cycle of Cathay."

Gigantic evils menace our Western civilization, but in spite of them there is a tread steadily onward. The ages of China are cycles, repetitions of each other. The Chinese language has no conception of progress. The eyes of China are backward. To emulate the past is the virtue of China. The eyes of the Christian look forward. Literature serves Christ. Writes M. Laselle : " During the past fourteen centuries, there has not been expressed in Europe a single idea that can be comprehended or appreciated without taking into account its relation with the Gospel." The greatest poets of the century, Tennyson and Browning, Whittier and Lowell, have been Christian poets, dealing with Christian thought, and having profound faith in the ultimate triumph of God. The poetry of the day is Christian. The thought of to-day is cast in a Christian mould; is coloured by Christian influence. Take up the books of the latter part of the century. Here is a work on ethics, by Spenser. Surely no Christian thought here, and yet wonderful to say, we find such words as " co-operation." " helpfulness," " altruism." Here is a work of science by Drummond : " tenderness," " motherhood," " love." Perhaps the most popular book of the past five years is Kidd's " Social Evolution," whose main thesis is that all social progress is Christian. Modern thought is full of Christian ideas. Art serves Christ. The best art of the day is sacred, or at least is done with a Christian motive. This would open up a field too large to enter here. But witness the place of childhood and motherhood in modern art. Yes, literature and art serve Christ. All are at His feet. The Ancient of Days holds the book of the future, and the Lamb is opening the seals thereof.

The world serves Christ. The world exists for Christ. Christ is Master. The government is on His shoulders. The reins are in His hands.

Heine, in one of his books, has a picture of the feasting of the gods in high Olympus. He says at the end of the feasting there approached, panting, a pale Jew, with a crown of thorns on His head, and drops of blood upon His brow, and a great cross laid on His shoulders. And He threw the cross upon the table of the gods so that the golden cups tottered, and the gods became dumb and pale, and grew even paler till they faded away into vapour. It is a picture of the ultimate triumph of the Christ over the world-powers.

It is associated in my mind with another picture in the panorama of human history. Upon the summit of a hill, not far from one of the world's great historic cities, stand a number of simple folk about One who stands in their midst, and at whom they look as men would look at a visitant from another planet, or rather as devotees would regard their God incarnate in the form of a man. At first glance the central figure seems like those about Him, for He is clad in the same humble garb, but as we look more closely, we see a vast difference, for upon His face is the bloom of eternal youth. Then He speaks, and at once that hillside becomes the court of the world, and that central figure the

King of the ages. "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth; go ye therefore and disciple all nations." I have tried to enter into the thoughts of Christ on that occasion. Perhaps, standing on this mount, His mind may have gone back to a time when Satan had led Him up to another mountain, and, showing Him the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, had said, "All these I will give thee, if thou wilt bow down and worship me."

Did you ever think that this promise of Satan's was genuine? Suppose this strong Son of God had yielded to the temptation, and put forth His wisdom and power for self-aggrandizement, how quickly would He have had the world at His feet. Suppose Jesus had poured the wealth of His genius into the realms of literature, how would men have forgotten the Olympian grandeur of the Iliad, and the tragic splendour of Prometheus Vinctus. Suppose the star of His genius had arisen in the blue empyrean of art, how would the glory of Phidias and Praxiteles have faded before His approaching splendour. Or, suppose this young Master had essayed the arts of statesmanship, how quickly would the triumphs of Alexander have been forgotten. But He turned His back on these dazzling visions of the tempter, and looked onward to the hill of Olivet. All was won now, but not in Satan's way. All that Satan promised was now His. How? By the power of the cross; by the life of unselfishness and sacrifice; by service instead of mastery.

II. The mission of Christ to serve the world.

This mission Christ has fulfilled in a twofold way. First, in His own life, which may be summed up in His own words: The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." Secondly, through the Church, which is His body. "The fulness of him who filleth all in all." This is the idea of Christ, to fill man with Himself, and to fill the world with Christ-filled men and women. Christ the head, the Church the body of Christ, His hands to help, His feet to run, His heart to love, His voice to speak kindly and tell glad tidings. He would save the world by serving the world; He would serve the world through the Church—by men and women, "who would pour their lives and possessions as streams of love and service into the great current of Christ's redeeming love, whose onflowing would heal the nations."

This was the plan of Christ. Mark tells us that He ordained twelve, that they might be with Him and that He might send them forth. He took twelve men, a segment of human society. These He kept with Him to make them like Him. Unconsciously they got to be like Him. They saw the sweetness and strength of His character, His blended tenderness and serenity, His loyalty to God, His love for man. He filled their minds with His thought. He stamped His image upon their characters. Reflecting as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, they were changed into the same image. Having done this, He sent them forth that He might fill the world with copies of Himself, that they too might be Christ's. "I am the Light of the world," said Christ, and again, "Ye are the light of the world." They were to leaven human society with the Kingdom, to be living epistles of Christ. Whatever they had received from Christ, they were to impart to others.

A literary writer of this century says it is the duty and privilege of

men of culture to diffuse and make prevail in human society the best thought of the time, to be sources, therefore, of sweetness and light. Such were Abelard, Herder, Lessing. The names of these men will live, he says, because they humanized knowledge, and laboured to make reason and the will of God prevail.

This was the work Christ gave, first to His apostles, then to the Church. They were to transform and redeem human society by the continuous life of Jesus Christ, by filling the world with men and women who were Christ-like. Their creed was to be a living one to fertilize the world, their lives were to furnish meat and drink to mankind. Thus, the Church has prospered; thus, the work has gone on.

The world is being redeemed, not by books, not by ideas, not by eloquence, or money, or organization, but by character, by Christ-filled men and women. The strength of the early Church was the character of the early Christians, as Gibbon did not fail to observe. Paul talks of the things that are not bringing to naught the things that are. Missionary enterprise seems on the face of it absurd. The missionary, standing in the midst of a vast mass of heathens, seems a pitiful figure. It seems like mere conjuring to expect him to do anything. But for nineteen hundred years the work has been carried on in this way through the influence of Spirit-filled men. Those who laugh at missionary enterprise do not understand the principles of spiritual dynamics, not even the first principles of psychology.

Years ago there went up and down through the thickets of Africa, a rawboned, low-browed Scotchman. He could not even speak to those he met. But his heart spoke to them, and to-day the black man's face brightens at the name of Livingstone.

Why do we send men to the heathen? Why not send books, and tracts, and sermons? Because these won't do. This is not God's plan. Commands from Sinai, written on tables of stone, failed. The Christ came amongst men, and redemption began. So Christ sends forth men not only to preach the Gospel, but to be the Gospel. Wherever men have failed to be Christlike, however scholarly their sermons, however eloquent their language, however grand their organizations, the work of Christ has gone back.

The Church is asked to give its money, not to send Bibles and tracts to the heathen, but to send amongst them Christ-filled men and women. This is your work and mine. He calls us to Himself, that we may be with Him and that He may send us forth. Shall we go forth? Shall we be true to our calling? "Arise," says the Christ, "let us go hence." Ever onward the Christ calls us. Do we hesitate? Do we doubt? Dr. Gregory, the other day, in The Homiletic Magazine gave what Mr. W. T. Stead was pleased to call "a large order." He said, "Let the Church of God go forth at once and evangelize the world." A large order! Yes! but it is the order of Him who said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." Shall we doubt? Shall we fear?

We are living in a wondrous age,

> "In a grand and awful time,
> In an age on ages telling."

What of the future? It depends on us!

This is a crucial moment in the history of the Christian age. Society is strangely moved. We seem to be on the verge of some great social crisis. There is surging through the Church of Christ

an evident impulse toward the immediate evangelization of the world. Men of wealth are giving large sums of money to foreign missions.

Let us go forward! Let us be as Christs to the world. "Arise, shine, for thy light has come, and the glory of the Lord has arisen upon thee." Preach the missionary idea; not only preach it—live it. Be audacious for Christ; take possession of the world in Christ's name. Disciple all men, all things. Disciple the press, the platform, the parliament, the pulpit. Disciple literature, art, science, education. Disciple politics, the caucus, the municipality. Satan has managed these things too long. "Now is the crisis of this world, now shall the prince of this world be cast out." Out with him then! Let the Christ be lifted up before men. God spur us to noble endeavour! God give us the fire of the early Church! God put upon us the power of the Holy Ghost! We need but one thing—power. Power for what? Power to become the sons of God, power to take the world for Jesus.

Barrington, N.S.

"BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON, THERE WE SAT DOWN."

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON.

Oh, weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell:
Mourn,—where their God hath dwelt, the Godless dwell!

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?
And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leaped before its heavenly voice

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast
How shall ye flee away and be at rest?
The wild-dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country,—Israel but the grave.

—*Lord Byron.*

A LIFE WRECKED.

BY THE REV. HENRY LEWIS.

I.—A VOYAGE IN VIEW.

In a down-town street of Montreal, the great white letters on two large panes of an office window tell the passer-by that Messrs. Fulton & Grieve, lumber merchants, do business there. Within was generally to be seen the head clerk, Wilbur Stock, a young man of about twenty-five years. He was a nephew of Mr. Grieve, and a favourite of Mr. Fulton, and hard work, sober ways, and good business tact had obtained for him a responsible position in the office of the firm, and what is more, a social position with the families of the partners and others. Mr. Fulton never enjoyed robust health, and especially during the winter the rigour of the climate made him a prisoner of his home for days and sometimes weeks together. This made it necessary for Wilbur Stock to pay frequent visits there and also gave him ample opportunity to get intimate with Minnie Fulton, the only daughter of the house. Mrs. Fulton often requested Wilbur to stay for dinner or supper, as the case might be, and thus the two young people were much in each other's company, so no one wondered when it was whispered that Wilbur Stock was paying attention to Minnie Fulton.

There was one barrier, however, that prevented things from maturing as rapidly as they might otherwise have done. Minnie was of a decidedly religious character, and an ardent Church worker, especially in any scheme that had to do with the helping of the poor. She had her own views on various subjects pertaining to the condition of the poorer classes and their elevation. In fact, some thought her rather peculiar. Wilbur Stock was not what might be termed a wild fellow, but he evidently believed in enjoying himself and having a good time. If he went to church twice on Sunday, he felt he had done his duty, and perhaps overdone it. As to visiting the poor and ministering to their wants, well, it was all right for nuns or young ladies like Minnie. Wilbur thought Minnie took life too seriously, and often told her so. It was a subject of repeated discussion, if not contention, and often Wilbur would be vexed with himself for having been beguiled into a controversy which he felt did not help him as far as Minnie was concerned.

A serious attack of la grippe, which Minnie had one spring, was the means of convincing both that they thought more of each other than they had really dreamt. For a little while things looked serious, and doubts were entertained as to the young lady's recovery. When she had been convalescent for a week or two, the doctors advised that a sea voyage would be the best possible thing for her. It was decided that Minnie Fulton and her cousin Bertha Spear should take a trip to England in the bark Larkspur, which was to leave Montreal in three or four weeks.

In the meantime the Fulton family were busy making ready for the daughter's sea-trip. A sailing vessel would be far preferable, so the doctors said, that the voyage might accomplish the object in view. Minnie had her plans, and was looking forward to a splendid opportunity of visiting the old abbeys and castles of England, that would give her ample scope

to sketch and paint, which were her favourite pastimes. The time for sailing soon came, and after farewells the good ship was making her way on the bosom of the great St. Lawrence towards the Atlantic.

II.—A VOYAGE MADE WITH DIRE RESULTS.

About three days before the Larkspur sailed for Cardiff—for that was her port—business matters made it imperative that some one should go to England to represent Messrs. Fulton & Grieve, and as things were, it was decided that Wilbur Stock should go in the next mail steamer leaving for Liverpool. His most intimate friends told him he was "a lucky dog" to have such a chance, and those who knew the inside view of things asserted that it was only another way for Wilbur Stock having a good time with Minnie, though in fact such was not the case; but people will talk, anyhow, especially when things are so ready to their hands, or tongues, rather.

The S.S. Campana sailed in due time and Wilbur, as well as others, fully expected to reach England before the Larkspur and her precious freight. The steamer had hardly got well under way when some one introduced Wilbur to "two gentlemen from New York." They were very much interested as the young man pointed to them the various historic scenes on the banks of the St. Lawrence. When the shades of evening had closed in, the party adjourned to the smoking-room, and soon various games were introduced with small stakes "for the fun of the thing." However, the next day the scenery along the banks of the St. Lawrence did not seem to have the charm it had the previous day, and the attractions of the games in the smoking-room claimed the greater part of the time as far as the "two gentlemen from New York," Wilbur Stock, and one or two others were concerned. Towards night excitement ran high over the games; others joined in, and larger stakes were put down. To those who were used to sea-life on board ocean-steamers, it was evident that the "two gentlemen from New York" were not suffering financially, and it was certain one or two others were considerably, Wilbur Stock undoubtedly. Expressions of sympathy for the young man were exchanged among the passengers.

The chief officers of the ship took notice of things, and the chief steward was deputed to speak a word or two to Wilbur by way of warning, which he did very kindly and which had its desired effect for a short while, but only a short while. The phrase, "the two gentlemen from New York," became a by-word among the passengers and crew of the steamer, and nearly everyone concluded they were a sample pair of the sharpers which infest the liners that cross the Atlantic from different points. On this trip it was certain that among others they had marked Wilbur as one of their victims. The inexperienced young man proved too ready a prey for the snare of the fowler.

When the ship reached the Mersey it was found that Wilbur Stock was minus his watch and most of his money, and "the two gentlemen from New York" had two or three "I. O. U.'s" from him for considerable amounts. Having landed in Liverpool, they pressed their "debts of honour," as they termed them, and went to the same hotel as the young man. The next day Wilbur Stock presented letters at a certain office from his firm, and thereby obtained enough money to satisfy his present wants

and enable him to get along. The rest of the day was spent in company with these newly-made companions. Wilbur's memory could never recall events further back than an early hour that evening. He found himself the next morning in one of the worst dens of vice that Liverpool possesses; he was destitute; he went to the hotel where he had stayed; there he learned that the previous evening he and "the two gentlemen" had left in a hansom and had taken their baggage with them. All the satisfaction he could get from the drunken and foul-mouthed men and women in the dive where he found himself was that "the other two fellows had left that morning by an early train," but they knew not where. Anyway, there was Wilbur Stock robbed well-nigh of everything, valise, cash, clothes, and all except what he stood in, and in this predicament he had not courage to go to the office where he had been the previous day and relate his woeful experience.

III.—A LIFE VOYAGE ENDED.

By the time the Larkspur arrived in Cardiff, by means of the cable Messrs. Fulton & Grieve began to surmise something had gone wrong with Wilbur Stock. All they could ascertain was that he arrived in Liverpool and visited the office in that city where he presented his letters, obtained some money and arranged to be there the next day to transact business, but never came. Mr. Fulton was on his way to Liverpool; and Minnie, when she got to Cardiff, received word to hasten on with her cousin to Liverpool to meet her father. It was there she learned first of the news concerning Wilbur Stock. The police searched for the young man, but all the facts we have already related were the outcome of their investigation; as to the young man's whereabouts they could not tell.

In a few days Mr. Fulton, with Minnie and Bertha, were on their way to London. Mr. Fulton, though considerably upset by the turn events had taken, had enough to divert his attention by devoting himself to business, but Minnie for days had a sad heart, and though she did her best to fill in the time by exploring the ins and outs of St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, it was not with the zest she had anticipated.

One day as she was sitting on the steps leading up to St. Paul's, a Salvation Army officer came along selling War Cry's. Soon the two were engaged in conversation. The lassie had a sister in Canada, and Minnie had read with considerable interest General Booth's wonderful book on "Darkest England." During the chat Minnie expressed a desire to see some of the Shelters and Homes of Refuge in operation; in fact, she would like to do a little slumming if it were possible, because she was interested in charitable work among the poor and degraded. It was finally settled that like a good daughter Minnie would consult her father. He at first did not like the idea, but finally, as he generally did, gave in.

A piece or two of gold given to the funds of the work was an Open-Sesame to obtaining a consent from the Army officials, and the next day Minnie, decked in a poke-bonnet, and a suit of blue, went slumming. To a young lady brought up in a genteel home the revelations of the East End of London are shocking, startling, and saddening—they were so to Minnie Fulton.

But the greatest surprise was reserved for a meeting at one of the Shelters; it was something after 10.30 p.m., and the poor, sad-look-

ing audience was listening with some attention, at least, to the songs, prayers, choruses, testimonies, and exhortations of those in charge. A stray wanderer now and again would come in, and by-and-bye Minnie's eye saw one coming in as if by stealth; it was Wilbur Stock, yet she was not sure, the lights just then were dim. Soon the workers began to move around amongst the audience; the prayer-meeting had begun; Minnie went down closer to the young man; her heart began to flutter; it was Wilbur Stock, but how changed! She went nearer, and almost unknown to herself, said, "Wilbur, is that you?" He almost jumped off his seat upon hearing his name. Minnie told him who she was; soon they were in an ante-room, and by degrees Wilbur Stock unravelled the story of his downfall.

"I am ruined and disgraced forever," he said; adding, "I am here to-night because I have no other place to go and I feel desperate enough to make away with myself."

"I am sure father will help you when he hears your story," answered Minnie.

"I came to this city expecting to find a young man I once knew in Montreal, but he is now living in Manchester, and I don't know his address; I've not a friend in the world, and don't deserve one, either," said he, with a sob in his throat.

"You stay here, will you, and I will see father in the morning, and then he will do something to help you," she said, hopefully.

"That is just like you, full of sympathy always. But I should not wonder if your father would hand me over to the police. I deserve it, and gaol would be better than as I am now; my only chance is to die," said Wilbur. Just then an officer came along and overheard the last words or so.

"There's many a one comes here with that story, but have changed their tune afore they got away, praise the Lord," he said, "and," adding, "don't you hear 'em singin' 'There is mercy, there is mercy still for you'? That's your motto, young man; it's a big hole that you're in, but Jesus can pull you out quick."

"Now, you act upon the advice these good people give you, Wilbur," urged Minnie, "and we will ask the Lord to open the way for you."

That night Wilbur Stock and Minnie Fulton parted, both with very sad and heavy hearts, both contrasting the way they had often met before. How changed the circumstances, how different the surroundings!

The next morning Minnie broke the news to her father. No man could be more startled; he heard the whole story with tears streaming down his cheeks. "I would never think of putting the poor fellow in the hands of the police. What good would it do him or me, or any one else?" he said.

Both Minnie and Mr. Fulton went to the Shelter, and there found Wilbur in a most dejected state and very contrite.

"Now, my good fellow, don't think I am come to upbraid you; you are being sufficiently punished without any more. But what do you purpose doing? That is why I am here; this is no place to lie down and die. You must make a move," said Mr. Fulton, in the kindest way he could, his voice trembling with emotion.

"It's better for me to die than anything else; I've robbed you and disgraced all belonging to me, and what can I do?" replied Wilbur.

An Army officer in charge of the Shelter said just then, "Why,

I've seen many a one in a worse scrape than you are, and by God's help they made a new start in life, and it is not everybody has had the friends in the hour of adversity as these kind friends are to you. I would say," added the officer, turning to Mr. Fulton and Minnie, " let him emigrate to South Africa; it's a fine country where men can make a start, and if he gets properly saved, he'll come out all right."

" I would not mind helping him," added Mr. Fulton, " but why not try Manitoba ? He is a Canadian; all his friends are in Canada, and they won't all turn their backs on him, and he can start anew there."

Minnie was glad to hear that. It was then arranged that Wilbur should come to some respectable place near the centre of the city. The Army officer got a nice donation for the funds; Wilbur received a few shillings to last him until morning when final arrangements would be made. But nothing seemed to bring light and hope into Wilbur Stock's countenance.

The next morning, as Mr. Fulton opened the paper, the following item caught his eye :

" A young man, apparently from twenty-five to thirty years of age, flung himself off Blackfriars Bridge last night about 10-30 p.m. He took off his coat previous to making the plunge, but before any one could hinder him, he was gone. There was a business card in one of the pockets of the coat indicating he had some business relations with Messrs. Fulton & Grieve, lumber merchants, of Montreal. On the back of the card was written very faintly in black lead, ' Wilbur Stock.' The police have no further clue as to who the young man was; his body has not been found, but investigation is being made."

Minnie saw her father was moved very much by reading something.

" What in the world is the matter, father ?" she asked.

" It is all over with poor Wilbur, my dear; read that," pointing to the paragraph we have quoted. There was a sad group in that hotel that morning ; some could not divine why those eyes were red with weeping. Mr. Fulton, Minnie and Bertha visited Scotland Yard during the day, and gave the information that was needed.

In a few days they left Liverpool for Montreal. Their story was kept a secret for some time, but there were some who had a right to know what could be known about Wilbur Stock, and ere long the whole story was well known in Montreal, therefore it is no breach of faith to relate it here.

Holland, Man.

It is better to walk in the dark with God
  Than to run in the light alone.
Yea, better the thorniest path ever trod,
Where the briers are thick and our feet unshod,
If only we follow His voice and His rod,
  Than without Him to march to a throne.

It is better with Him when the billows dash high
  On the breast of a mad Galilee—
Though the Master may sleep, He will wake at our cry,
Or He'll come on the waves, saying, " Peace, it is I."
Better this than a calm with no helper thus nigh,
  Or without Him to sail a smooth sea.

—*Alexander Blackburn, D.D.*

GOLD BOOM IN CARIBOO.*

BY THE REV. A. BROWNING.

I.

In the winter of 1861-2 I first met Dick Willoughby. I was building a church in Yale, and went to Dick for a subscription. Dick had, with some others, discovered Cariboo in the summer of '61, and had brought down with him a large leather bag full of gold nuggets. He handed me out a hundred dollars' worth, saying they would all go before spring—and they did.

Dear old Dick! He was a type of the men I was soon to know in their own haunts, and study where a miner can only be known—in his own cabin, cooking his own "grub," washing his own clothes, and, poor or rich as he might be, welcoming the stranger as if he had known him all his life. Don't I remember "Missouri Bill." He threatened once to put a bullet through a man who had insulted me because I was a Protestant minister. Bill never washed his plates after eating—he said it wasted the grease, and a rim of dirt around his neck told how far down his face was usually cleaned.

He had "struck it rich" several times, but spent it all in prospecting, or helping some other poorer fellows to prospect. He had no vices, but was a big lump of a good-natured miner, who would give you his last crust, even if he knew not where he could get another.

In the spring of '62 I was ordered to Cariboo as a missionary. I at once bought a horse, a Mexican saddle and bridle, and a pair of green blankets, and started on my journey of four hundred miles. Taking steamer at Victoria, I crossed the Gulf of Georgia, steamed up the Fraser, across Douglas Lake, and landed at Douglas City, then one of the principal places en route to Cariboo. The second day out of Douglas, I got my first taste of my new undertaking. I arrived late at night at what was called a hotel. There was a room downstairs, in which men were drinking, cursing, and gambling all the night, and another room upstairs, on the floor of which the guests spread their blankets and lay down side by side until all the space was taken up, leaving the late comers to shift for themselves. "Nature's sweet restorer" was away from home that night, and when next morning I had to ride twenty miles without any breakfast, I felt that my mission was no sinecure. In a worldly sense, there was evidently not much in it.

On my first Sunday I rested at Lillooet, and as the smallpox was raging, I spent the day vaccinating Indians, and putting in a word now and then for Jesus Christ. That day is not the least pleasant of my Sabbath memories.

The next day I swam my horse across the Fraser, and plunged into the "regions beyond." I had to eat whenever I could get it,

* We have pleasure in presenting the first of a series of interesting sketches of the adventurous early days of the gold boom in Cariboo. No man living, we think, can give so graphic and true an account as Mr. Browning, one of the pioneer missionaries in that country, a man who is still engaged with all the vigour of his prime in evangelistic work. Mr. Browning's father has recently passed away in his hundreth year, one of the most venerable and successful local preachers in Great Britain. His father, who lived till nearly ninety, was one of John Wesley's "helpers" in evangelistic work, and often laboured in the Gospel with that great man.—ED.

tightening my belt when hungry, and loosening it when food was in sight. I slept often on the bare floor, but oftener on the bare ground, but for four months never undressed and went to bed.

Well I remember, when tired and hungry, the rain soaking and the mosquitoes plaguing, I saw as I was spreading my blankets for the night two travellers approaching. I said, now for something to eat. One of the two proved to be Mr., now Lieut.-Governor, Dewdney, but the only food they had was a piece of cold pork and a bottle of brandy. I was awfully disappointed, and at daylight rode hungry for many miles, when I happened on some hot bread, fresh from a traveller's pan. How beautiful was the country, how lovely the lakes, and how refreshing the shade of the trees. But the water was nearly all alkaline, and there was nothing to eat, and the only hope was that somewhere ahead a square meal would be in the region of possibilities.

My second Sunday was spent at Alkali Lake. It was raining when I got there on Saturday night. The floor, table, and hay mow were all bespoken, and I crept under the outer part of a tent, and literally, lying at the feet of its two owners, felt the rain trickling down my neck as I lay on the damp ground and did my best to sleep. It was at Alkali Lake where Captain Grant, of the Engineers, complained of a dirty towel, and was told that fifty men had already wiped on that towel, and that he was the first one of all to complain. The proprietor of the hotel told me he kept Sunday by doing no work, only harrowing the race-course for the races soon to come off. An old Scotch elder was selling his blankets on the Sunday, and on being remonstrated with, replied :

" Mon, Sunday has not arrived yet at Alkali Lake."

I did what I could, and I think helped at least one poor fellow to be a better man.

Another week of travel, and I arrived on Saturday night at Beaver Lake. This was, with Williams' Lake, the gamblers' headquarters, kept by three men, two of whom were of Methodist descent. I never was treated better in all my wanderings, but the drinking and gambling was going on all Saturday night, and I found on Sunday morning that a young man, the son of an Oregon Methodist preacher, had lost his horse, saddle, blankets, and pistol, in addition to all his money, and was now literally dead broke. I gave him what advice I could, and he went home a poorer, but a wiser man, and I learned afterwards became a Christian.

Here I first met a company of professional gamblers. Such men were as cool as ice, and quick as lightning, and as open-handed as any spendthrift. I once saw two of them engaged in a deadly fight. I never wish to see the like again. I preached at Beaver Lake. My text was, " What doest thou here, Elijah ?" The bar was on my left and one of the gambling tables was my desk, but I had a blessed time, and fancy some of my hearers were not so favourably circumstanced. However, a gentlemanly Englishman thanked me, and said I preached " as well as his bishop." I did not feel very much complimented when I found subsequently that he was a thief fleeing from justice, having robbed a hospital of all its funds.

Later on I preached again at Beaver Lake, and my congregation was composed almost exclusively of gamblers, and I found that they agreed to average five

dollars each in the collection hat—and they did it, too.

The next day, Monday, was a memorable one. In the first place, I passed on the road a minister, who is now an English bishop, and in the second place, I met many a hungry, disappointed man, and not a few whose looks were threatening. As I entered by one side of the town of Forks of Quesnelle, I noticed on the other side a procession of men carrying some dead bodies. They were the bodies of three men who had been murdered and then robbed of their gold.

There was no magistrate in the town, and the one constable was drunk and incapable. A vigilance meeting was called, and I was appointed chairman. By public vote I was elected magistrate, and held a duly organized and, as Sir James Douglas, the Governor, decided, a perfectly legal magistrate's court. Some suspects were arrested and examined, but afterwards discharged. The real murderers I had met on my way the day before. One of them, Boone Helm, one of the worst desperadoes of those days, was hung in Oregon for another crime.

I left Quesnelle for Cariboo rather disheartened. I heard on my way, of the murder of a friend—met an escort of armed men bringing gold to the front, and felt a longing for the face of some one I knew and could trust. One evening I came within sight of Richfield, Cariboo. The street was filled with men wanting news of the murders, and how things were on the road. I was about telling them all I knew, when I espied Dr. Evans with his finger on his lips. I knew that meant silence. As he afterwards told me, the partners of the murderers were suspected of being in that very crowd. I felt as I looked around, I was verily in Cariboo.

Williams Creek was then, as it is now, the centre of Cariboo. It is a very small stream, at the bottom of a mountain gorge, the hills on either side rising thousands of feet above it. Its length is only a few miles, and yet from it hundreds of men have carried large fortunes, and in it still other fortunes are being made. The gold is found mainly in the old bed of the creek; at other times running into the side hills, as if playing hide-and-seek with the men who tried to find it. I have watched the miner uncover the bed rock, and have seen his strong excitement both when he has found nothing but rock, and when the pay dirt has been almost half gold.

Once Mr. Bevan, son of Chancellor Bevan, of Old Toronto, said to me as he came to the bed-rock sprinkled over with gold nuggets, "You go down the flume and watch for the biggest nugget you ever saw." I went and watched, and sure enough, the big nugget came tumbling over and over in the rapid stream of the flume, and when I brought it to them they were surprised to find that their joke had turned into a financial reality.

Fortune is a fickle goddess. Again and again have I known despairing miners to give up just on the verge of discovery; some other man striking it rich in the deserted claim almost at the first blow of the pick. And what was strangest of all, some men seemed to be always unfortunate, and others would stumble on fortune again and again, and not half looking for it, either.

Unique and original I found everything in Williams' Creek. My first meal, and a poor one at that, cost me two dollars and fifty cents. I afterwards compromised by paying twenty-seven dollars and a half per week. I was allowed to spread my blankets in a loft,

common to all, and closed to none, the room underneath being the general room of the "hotel," devoted to eating and drinking, and the kinds of lively entertainment which a mining camp has peculiarly for its own. Women there were none, except a few of the baser sort. Children were not within hundreds of miles. It was men, men everywhere. The professional gambler, carrying his bag of dust and stock-in-trade with him, was as well known as the preacher, and of the two, made, on the whole, a great deal more of.

Men seemed, on the whole, to have left religion, if not civilization, behind them. There was no Sabbath. The Sunday was a day of buying and selling, of drinking and gambling, a day in which the better part either worked on their claims, or used up the hours in washing and mending their clothes.

Into this vortex of sin I was thrown, to preach and to live the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. Looking back on these experiences and opportunities, I sincerely thank the Lord who counted me worthy to live and to suffer for His sake and for the sake of the souls who, amid all their forgetfulness of God, never treated me but with kindness and respect. But all had not forgotten God and home. There were men faithful among the faithless. Men who let their claims lie idle on the Sabbath rather than violate that day, and poor labourers, to whom ten dollars meant much, losing that amount rather than earn it by working on the Sabbath. From these cabins I have again and again heard the old familiar hymns on a Sabbath day, and the mountains seemed to wake up at the new sounds and echo back the words of praise.

Poor Bill C! He was one of the discoverers of Cariboo, and at the end of one season cleared forty thousand dollars. I saw Bill clean up, as the result of one day's washing, a miner's pan full of gold nuggets. Every morning and night the men of that claim would carry their gold in bags from the cabin to their claim and back again. Every day, and seven days in each week, their bags grew heavier and their pile larger. I was coming late one night to a wayside hotel. I wished I had been earlier, for poor Bill had just died without prayer and without hope, and what was of more consequence to many, without money, his last words being, "Bring me a pistol, that I may shoot the doctor who has poisoned me to death."

I saw a man take two hundred and fifty thousand dollars from Williams' Creek, as the result of a year's labour. I saw his walled-in domain on the St. Lawrence bought with that money, and I know the cabin well overlooking his old claim, and in that cabin he died, hoping blindly to recover what he had wasted in the years that had intervened between his first and last visit to Cariboo.

His wife, a godly Methodist, died in the mountains before her husband became rich, and it was well for her that she went to the city, the streets of which are of pure gold, and where disappointment is unknown.

I had the honour in Cariboo of being invited to a banquet to meet the Governor of the colony. The tickets were thirty-seven dollars, and the menu was principally canned fish and fruits. It was a memorable affair, and my seat was by the side of the Chief Justice. The principal drink was champagne, at a fabulous price. I remember an incident of the proceedings. There were speeches, of course, and I had to remain to make mine. A miner, known as Sailor Jack, who had "struck it

rich," attempted to return thanks on behalf of the miners, and fell drunk on the floor in the midst of his speech, and was allowed to lie there. I left early, having seen some phases of life not often permitted to a Methodist preacher.

The Governor, a kindly man, requested me to take the oversight of the Cariboo hospital. Many a poor fellow did I help into life and health, and others I watched over until they died. I remember a fine young man, brought over from a distant creek on a stretcher. The boys left him in the hospital, and when he died they came from far and near to his funeral. I remember the hymn we sang—"O God, our help in ages past," to the tune of Dundee. Away thousands of miles from home, many of them never to see it again, it seemed as if their hearts would break as they stood around the coffin of their friend. Months afterwards, I met a young man near where the city of Vancouver now stands. Approaching me, he said :

"Mr. Browning, you buried Mr. ——— in Cariboo. His father is a minister, and his brother a minister. How did he die ?"

I was thankful then, as I am now, that I was able directly to help and comfort many a Canadian man, and indirectly to comfort many a Canadian home.

My first sermon in Cariboo was preached in an open shell of a store, the busy street just in front. Later on, Williams' Creek boasted a log church. Dr. Lachlan Taylor officiated at its opening. The miners used to tell with great glee how that Dr. Taylor opened out in a "boiled shirt" and broadcloth suit, as if he had fallen from some other world. But his sermons and lectures were things to be talked of by many a cabin fire years after the Doctor had gone.

I remember in that log church we were to administer the Sacrament after the service. The bottle of wine was placed near the aisle. A late comer struck the bottle and spilled the wine. He at once went out and bought another bottle, Sunday as it was. Dear, honest soul, he could ill afford it, and it cost him seven dollars and a half.

Was the Holy Spirit present at these rude gatherings ? Ask the exiled men, the weary, tempted, and, in most cases, disappointed souls. A few of them linger on, but the most are in the land of the blest. Until we meet them there we shall never know how God led them, by the way of Cariboo, to a city of habitations.

STRENGTH FOR THE DAY.

Strength for the day ! At early dawn I stand
  Helpless and weak, and with unrested eyes,
  Watching for day. Before its portals lies
A low black cloud—a heavy iron band.
Slowly the mist is lifted from the land,
  And pearl and amber gleam across the skies,
  Gladdening my upward gaze with sweet surprise.
I own the sign ; I know that He whose hand
  Hath fringed those sombre clouds with ruby ray,
And changed that iron bar to molten gold,
  Will to my wandering steps be Guide and Stay,
  Breathe o'er my wavering heart His rest for aye,
And give my waiting, folding palms to hold
His blessed morning boon—strength for the day !

—*Rachel G. Alsop.*

THE CRUCIFIXION OF PHILLIP STRONG.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

CHAPTER IV.

The anonymous letters, or rather scrawls, which Phillip found by the side of his unconscious wife as he stooped to raise her up, read as follows :

" Preacher : Better pack up and leave. Milton is not big enough to hold you alive. Take warning in time."

" Preacher's wife : As long as you stay in Milton there is danger of two funerals. Dynamite kills women as well as men."

Phillip sat by the study lounge, holding these scrawls in his hand as his wife was recovering from her fainting fit after he had applied restoratives. His heart was filled with horror at the thought of the complete cowardice which could threaten the life of an innocent woman. There was with it all a feeling of intense contempt of such childish, dime-novel methods of intimidation as that of sticking a knife into the study desk. If it had not been for its effect on his wife, Phillip would have laughed at the whole thing. As it was, he was surprised and alarmed that she had fainted,—a thing he had never known her to do; and as soon as she was able to speak he listened anxiously to her story.

" It must have been an hour after you had gone, Phillip, that I thought I heard a noise upstairs, and thinking perhaps you had left one of your windows down at the top and the curtain was flapping, I went right up, and the minute I stepped into the room I had the feeling that some one was there."

" Didn't you carry up a light ?"

" No. The lamp was burning at the end of the upper hall and so I never thought of needing more. Well, as I moved over toward the window, still feeling that strange, unaccountable knowledge of some one there, a man stepped out from behind your desk, walked right up to me and held out those letters in one hand, while with the other he threw the light from a small bull's-eye or burglar's lantern upon them."

Phillip listened in amazement.

" Sarah, you must have dreamed all that ! It isn't likely that any man would do such a thing."

" Phillip, I did not dream. I was terribly wide-awake, and so scared that I couldn't even scream. My tongue seemed to be entirely useless. But I felt compelled to read what was written, and the man held the papers there until the words seemed to burn my eyes. He then walked over to the desk and with one blow drove the knife down into the wood, and then I fainted away, and that is all I can remember."

"And what became of the man?" asked Phillip, still inclined to think that his wife had in some way fallen asleep and dreamed at least a part of this strange scene, perhaps before she went up to the study and discovered the letters.

" I don't know; maybe he is here in the house yet. Oh, Phillip, I am almost dead with fear,—not for myself, but for your life !"

" I never had any fear of anonymous letters or of threats," replied Phillip, contemptuously eying the knife which was still sticking in the desk. " Evidently the saloon men think I am a child, to be frightened with these bugaboos which have

figured in every cheap detective story since the time of Captain Kidd."

"Then you think this is the work of the saloon men?"

"Who else can it be? We have no other enemies of this sort in Milton."

"But they will kill you! Oh, Phillip, I cannot bear the thought of living here in this way. Let us leave this dreadful place!"

"Little woman," said Phillip, while he bravely drove away any slight anxiety he may have had for himself, "don't you think it would be cowardly to run away so soon?"

"Wouldn't it be better to run away too soon than to be killed? Is there any bravery in staying in a place where you are likely to be murdered by some coward?"

"I don't think I shall be," said Phillip, confidently. "And I don't want you to be afraid. They will not dare to harm you."

"No, Phillip!" exclaimed his wife, eagerly; "you must not be mistaken. I did not faint away to-night because I was afraid for myself. Truly, I have no fear there. It was the thought of the peril in which you stand daily as you go out among these men, and as you go back and forth to your meetings in the dark. I am growing nervous and anxious ever since the shooting; and when I was startled by the man here to-night I was so weak that I fainted. But I am sure they do not care to harm me; you are the object of their hatred. If they strike any one it will be you. That is the reason I want you to leave this place. Say you will, Phillip. Surely there are other churches where you could preach as you desire to do and still not be in such constant danger."

It required all of Phillip's wisdom and love and discernment of his immediate duty to answer his wife's appeal and say no to it. It was one of the severest struggles he had ever had. There was to be taken into the account not only his own safety, but that of his wife as well. For, think what he would, he could not shake off the feeling that a coward so cowardly as to resort to the assassination of a man would not be over particular even if the victim should chance to be a woman. Phillip was man enough to be entirely unshaken by anonymous threats. A thousand a day would not have unnerved him in the least. He would have writhed under the sense of the great sin which they revealed, but that is all the effect they would have had.

When it came to his wife, however, that was another question. For a moment he felt like sending in his resignation and moving out of Milton as soon as possible. But finally he decided that he ought to remain; and Mrs. Strong did not oppose his decision when once he had declared it. She knew Phillip must do what to him was the will of his Master, and with that she was content.

She had overcome her nervousness and dread now that Phillip's courageous presence strengthened her, and she began to tell him that he had better hunt for the man who had appeared so mysteriously in the study.

"I haven't convinced myself yet that there is any man. Confess, Sarah, that you dreamed all that."

"I did not," replied his wife, a little indignantly. "Do you think I wrote those letters and stuck that knife into the desk myself?"

"Of course not. But how could a man get into the study and neither you nor the girl know it?"

"I did hear a noise, and that is what started me upstairs. And he may be in the house yet. I shall not rest easy until you look into all the closets and down cellar and everywhere."

So Phillip, to quiet his wife,

searched the house thoroughly, but found nothing. The servant and the minister's wife followed along at a respectful distance behind Phillip, one armed with the poker and the other with a fire-shovel, while he pulled open closet doors with reckless disregard of any possible man hiding within, and pretended to look into the most unlikely places for him, joking all the while to reassure his trembling followers.

They found one of the windows in Phillip's study partly open. But that did not prove anything, although a man might have crawled in and out again through that window from a wing of the parsonage, the roof of which ran so near the window that an active person could gain entrance that way. The whole affair remained more or less a mystery to Phillip. However, the letters and the knife were real. He took them down town next day to the office of the evening paper, and asked the editor to publish the letters and describe the knife. It was too good a piece of news to omit, and Milton people were treated to a genuine sensation when the article came out. Phillip's object in giving the incident publicity was to show the community what a murderous element it was fostering in the saloon power. Those threats and the knife preached a sermon to the thoughtful people of Milton, and citizens who had never asked the question before began to ask now, "Are we to endure this saloon monster much longer?"

As for Phillip he went his way the same as ever. Some of his friends and church-members even advised him to carry a revolver and be careful about going out alone at night. Phillip laughed at the idea of a revolver and said, "If the saloon men want to get rid of me without the trouble of shooting me themselves they had better make me a present of a silver-mounted pistol; then I should manage the shooting myself. And as for being careful about going out in the evenings, what is this town thinking of, that it will continue to license and legalize an institution that makes its honest citizens advise new-comers to stay at home for fear of assassination? No. I shall go about my work just as though I lived in the most law-abiding community in America. And if I am murdered by the whiskey men I want the people of Milton to understand that the citizens will be as much to blame for the murder as the saloon men. For a community that will license such a curse ought to bear the shame of the legitimate fruits of it."

The trial of the man with the hare-lip had been postponed for some legal reason, and Phillip felt relieved somewhat. He dreaded the ordeal of the court scene. And one or two visits made to the gaol had not been helpful to him. The man had refused each time to see the minister, and he had gone away feeling hungry in his soul for the man's redemption, and realizing something of the spirit of Christ when he was compelled to cry out, "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." That always seemed to Phillip the most awful feature of the history of Christ,—that the very people he loved and yearned after spit upon him and finally broke his heart with their hatred.

He continued his study of the problem of the town, believing that every place has certain peculiar local characteristics which every church and preacher ought to study. He was struck by the aspect of the lower part of the town, where nearly all the poorer people lived. He went down there and studied the situation thoroughly. It did not take a very great amount of thinking to con-

vince him that the church power in Milton was not properly distributed. The seven largest churches in the place were all on one street, well up in the wealthy residence portion, and not more than two or three blocks apart. Down in the tenement district there was not a single church building, and only one or two weak mission-schools which did not touch the problem of the district at all. The distance from this poor part of the town to the churches was fully a mile, a distance that certainly stood as a geographical obstacle to the church attendance of the neighbourhood, even supposing the people were eager to go to the large churches, which was not at all the fact. Indeed, Phillip soon discovered that the people were indifferent in the matter. The churches on the fashionable street in town meant less than nothing to them. They never would go to them, and there was little hope that anything the pastors or members could do would draw the people that distance to come within church influence. The fact of the matter was the seven churches of different denominations in Milton had no living connection whatever with nearly one-half the population, and that the most needy half, of the place.

The longer Phillip studied the situation, the more un-Christian it looked to him, and the more he longed to change it. He went over the ground again and again very carefully. He talked with the other ministers, and the most advanced Christians in his own church. There was a variety of opinion as to what might be done, but no one was ready for the radical move which Phillip advocated when he came to speak on the subject the first Sunday of the month.

The first Sunday was beginning to be more or less dreaded or anticipated by Calvary Church people. They were learning to expect something radical, sweeping, almost revolutionary in Phillip's utterances on Christ and Modern Society. Some agreed with him as far as he had gone. Very many had been hurt at his plainness of speech. This was especially true of the property owners and the fashionable part of Phillip's membership. Yet there was a fascination about Phillip's preaching that prevented, so far, any very serious outbreak or dissension in the church. Phillip was a recognized leader. In his presentation of the truth he was large-minded. He had the faculty of holding men's respect. There was no mistaking the situation, however. Mr. Winter, with others, was working against him. Phillip was vaguely conscious of much that did not develop into open, apparent fact. Nevertheless, when he came up on the first Sunday of the next month he found an audience that crowded the church to the doors, and in the audience were scattered numbers of men from the workingmen's district with whom Phillip had talked while down there. It was, as before, an inspiring congregation, and Phillip faced it feeling sure in his heart that he had a great subject to unfold, and a message to deliver to the Church of Christ such as he could not but believe Christ would most certainly present if he were visibly present in Milton.

He began by describing the exact condition of affairs in Milton. To assist this description he had brought with him into the church his map of the town.

"Look now," he said, pointing out the different localities, "at B. Street where we now are. Here are seven of the largest churches of the place on this street. The entire distance between the first of

these church buildings and the last one is a little over half a mile. Three of these churches are only two blocks apart. Then consider the character of the residences and people in the vicinity of this street. It is what is called desirable ; that is, the homes are the very finest, and the people almost without exception are refined, respectable, well-educated, and Christian in training. All the wealth of the town centres about B. Street. All the society life extends out from it on each side. It is considered the most fashionable street for drives and promenades. It is well-lighted, well-paved, well-kept. The people who come out of the houses on B. Street are always well dressed and comfortable looking.

"Mind you," continued Phillip, raising his hand with a significant gesture, "I do not want to have you think that I consider good clothes and comfortable looks as un-Christian or anything against the people who present such an appearance. Far from it. I simply mention this fact to make the contrast I am now going to show you all the plainer. For let us leave B. Street now and go down into the flats by the river where nearly all the mill people have their homes. I wish you would note first the distance from B. Street and the churches to this tenement district. It is nine blocks,—that is, a little over a mile. To the edge of the tenement houses farthest from our own church building it is a mile and three-quarters. And within that entire district, measuring nearly two by three miles, there is not a church building. There are two feeble mission-schools, which are held in plain, unattractive halls, where every Sunday a handful of children meet ; but nothing practically is being done by the Church of Christ in this place to give the people in that part of the town the privileges and power of the life of Christ, the life more abundantly. The houses down there are of the cheapest description. The people who come out from them are far from well-dressed. The streets and alleys are dirty and ill-smelling. And no one cares to promenade for pleasure up and down the sidewalks in that neighbourhood. It is not a safe place to go to alone at night. The most frequent disturbances come from that part of the town. All the hard characters find refuge there. And let me say that I am not now speaking of the working people. They are almost without exception law-abiding. But in every town like ours the floating population of vice and crime seeks naturally that part of a town where the poorest houses are, and the most saloons, and the greatest darkness both physical and moral.

"If there is a part of this town which needs to be lifted up and cleaned and healed and inspired by the presence of the Church of Christ it is right there where there is no church. The people on B. Street and for six or eight blocks each side know the Gospel. They have large numbers of books and papers and much Christian literature. They have been taught Bible truths; they are familiar with them. Of what value then is it to continue to support on this short street, so near together, seven churches of as many different denominations, which have for their members the respectable, moral people of the town ?

"I do not mean to say that the well-to-do, respectable people do not need the influence of the Church and the preaching of the Gospel. But they can get these privileges without such a fearful waste of material and power. If we had only three or four churches on this street they would be enough. We are wasting our

strength with the present arrangement. We are giving the rich and the educated and well-to-do people seven times as much church as we are giving the poor, the ignorant, and the struggling workers in the tenement district. There is no question, there can be no question, that all this is wrong. It is opposed to every principle that Christ advocated. And in the face of these plain facts which no one can dispute, there is a duty before these churches on this street which cannot be denied without denying the very purpose of a church. It is that duty which I am now going to urge upon this Calvary Church.

"It has been said by some of the ministers and members of the churches that we might combine in an effort and build a large and commodious mission in the tenement district. But that, to my mind, would not settle the problem at all, as it should be settled. It is an easy and a lazy thing for church-members to put their hands in their pockets and say to a few other church-members, 'We will help build a mission, if you will run it after it is up; we will attend our church up-town here, while the mission is worked for the poor people down there.' That is not what will meet the needs of the situation. What that part of Milton needs is the Church of Christ in its members—the whole Church, on the largest possible scale. What I am now going to propose, therefore, is something which I believe Christ would advocate, if not in the exact manner I shall explain, at least in the same spirit."

Phillip paused a moment and looked out over the congregation earnestly. The expectation of the people was roused almost to the point of a sensation as he went on.

"I have consulted with competent authorities, and they say that our church building here could be moved from its present foundation without serious damage to the structure. A part of it would have to be torn down to assist the moving, but it could easily be replaced. The expense would not be more than we could readily meet. We are out of debt, and the property is free from incumbrance. What I propose, therefore, is a very simple thing,—that we move our church edifice down into the heart of the tenement district, where we can buy a suitable lot for a comparatively small sum, and at once begin the work of a Christian church in the very neighbourhood where such work is most needed.

"There are certain objections to this plan. I think they can be met by the exercise of the Christ spirit of sacrifice and love. A great many members will not be able to go that distance to attend service, any more than the people there at present can well come up here. But there are six churches left on B. Street. What is to hinder any Christian member of Calvary Church from working and holding fellowship with those churches, if he cannot put in his service in the tenement district? None of those churches are crowded; they will welcome the advent of more members.

"But the main strength of the plan which I propose lies in the fact that, if it be done, it will be a live illustration of the eagerness of the Church to reach and save men. The very sight of our church moving down off this street to the lower part of the town will be an object lesson to the people; and the Church will at once begin to mean something to them. Once established there, we can work from it as a centre. The distance ought to be no discouragement to any healthy person.

"Think for a moment what this move which I propose would mean to the life of this town, and to our

own Christian growth! At present we go to church and listen to a good choir, we listen to preaching, we go home again, we have a pleasant Sunday-school, we are all comfortable and well-clothed here and enjoy our services, we are not disturbed by the sight of disagreeable or uncongenial people. But is that Christianity? Where do the service and the self-denial and the working for men's souls come in? Ah, my dear brothers and sisters, what is this church really doing for the salvation of men in this place? Is it Christianity merely to have a comfortable church and go to it once or twice a week to enjoy nice music and listen to preaching, and then go home to a good dinner? What have we sacrificed? What have we denied ourselves? What have we done to show the poor or the sinful that we care anything for their souls, or that Christianity is anything but a comfortable, select religion for those who can afford the good things of the world? What has the Church in Milton done to make the workingman here feel that it is an institution that throbs with the brotherhood of man? And what do we know as a church of the problems that face the tenement-dwellers and the wage-earners?

"But suppose we actually move our church down there and then go there ourselves week-days and Sundays to work for the uplifting of immortal beings. Shall we not then have the satisfaction of knowing that we are at least trying to do something more than enjoy our church all by ourselves? Shall we not be able to hope that we have at least attempted to obey the spirit of our sacrificing Lord, who commanded His disciples to go and make disciples of the nations? It seems to me that the plan I propose is a Christian plan. If the churches in this neighbourhood were not so numerous, if the circumstances were different, it might not be wise or necessary to do what I propose. But as the facts are, I solemnly believe that this church has an opportunity before it to show Milton and the other churches and the world that it is willing to do an unusual thing if it has within it the spirit of complete willingness to reach and lift up mankind in the way that will do it best and most speedily.

"I do not expect the church to act on my plan without due deliberation. I have arrived at my own conclusions after carefully going over the entire ground. And in the sight of all the need and degradation of the people, and in the light of all that Christ has made clear to be our duty as His disciples, there is but one path open to us. If we neglect to follow Him as He beckons us, I believe we shall neglect the one opportunity of Calvary Church to put itself in the position of the true Church of the crucified Lamb of God, who did not please Himself, who came to minister to others, who would certainly approve of any steps His Church on earth in this age might honestly take to reach men and love them and become to them the helper and saviour and life-giver which the great Head of the Church truly intended we should be. I leave this plan which I have proposed before you, for your Christian thought and prayer. And may the Holy Spirit guide us all into all the truth. Amen."

If Phillip had deliberately planned to create a sensation, he could not have done anything more radical to bring it about. If he had stood on the platform and fired a gun into the audience it would not have startled the members of Calvary Church more than this calm proposal to them that they move their church building a

mile away from its aristocratic surroundings. Nothing that he had said in his previous sermons had provoked such a spirit of opposition. This time the church was roused. Feelings of astonishment, indignation and alarm agitated the members of Calvary Church. Some of them gathered about Phillip at the close of the service.

"It will not be possible to do this thing you propose, Brother Strong," said one of the deacons, a leading member and a man who had defended Phillip once or twice against public criticism.

"Why not?" asked Phillip, simply. He was exhausted with his effort that morning, but felt that a crisis of some sort had been precipitated by his message, and so he welcomed this show of interest which his sermon had aroused.

"The church will not agree to such a thing."

"A number of them favour the step," replied Phillip, who had talked over the matter fully with many in the church.

"A majority will vote against it."

"Yes, an overwhelming majority!" said one man. "I know a good many who would not be able to go that distance to attend church, and they certainly would not join any other church on the street. I know for one I wouldn't."

"Not if you thought Christ's kingdom in this town would be advanced by it?" asked Phillip, turning to this man with a directness that was almost bluntness.

"I don't see how that would be a test of my Christianity."

"That is not the question," said one of the trustees, who had the reputation of being a very shrewd business man. "The question is concerning the feasibility of moving this property a mile into the poorest part of the town and then maintaining it there. In my opinion it cannot be done. The expenses of the organization cannot be kept up. We should lose some of our best financial supporters. Mr. Strong's spirit and purpose spring from a good motive, no doubt, but viewed from a business point of view, the church in that locality would not be a success. To my mind it would be a very unwise thing to do. It would practically destroy our organization here and not really establish anything there."

"I do not believe we can tell until we try," said Phillip. "I certainly do not wish the church to destroy itself foolishly. But I do feel that we ought to do something very positive and very large to define our attitude as saviours of this community. And moving the building as I propose has the advantage of being a definite practical step in the direction of a Christlike use of our powers as a church."

There was more talk of the same sort, but it was plainly felt by Phillip that the plan he had proposed was distasteful to the greater part of the congregation, and if the matter came to a vote it would be defeated. He talked the plan over with his trustees, as he had already done before he spoke in public. Four of them were decided in their objection to the plan. Only one fully sustained Phillip. During the week he succeeded in finding out that from his membership of five hundred, less than forty persons were willing to stand by him in so radical a movement. And yet the more Phillip studied the problem of the town, the more he was persuaded that the only way for the church to make any impression on the tenement district was to put itself directly in touch with the neighbourhood. To accomplish that necessity Phillip was not stubborn. He was ready to adopt any plan that would actually do something, but every day that

he spent in his study of the town he grew more eager to have the church feel its opportunity and make Christ a reality to those most in need of him.

It was at this time that Phillip was surprised one evening by a call from one of the workingmen who had been present and heard his sermon on moving the church into the tenement district.

"I came to see you, particularly, Mr. Strong, about getting you to come down to our hall some evening next week and give us a talk on some subject connected with the signs of the times."

"I'll come if you think I can do any good that way," replied Phillip, hesitating a little.

"I believe you can. The men are beginning to take to you, and while they won't come up to church, they will turn out to hear you down there."

"All right. When do you want me to come?"

"Say next Tuesday. You know where the hall is?"

Phillip nodded. He had been by it in his walks through that part of Milton.

The spokesman for the workmen expressed his thanks and rose to go, but Phillip asked him to stay a few moments. He wanted to know at first hand what the workingmen would do if the church should at any time decide to act after Phillip's plan.

"Well, to tell the truth, Mr. Strong, I don't believe very many of them would join any church."

"That is not the question. Would they feel the church any more there than where it is now?"

"Yes, I honestly think they would. They would come out to hear you."

"Well, that would be something, to be sure," replied Phillip, smiling. "But as to the wisdom of my plan, —how does it strike you on the whole?"

"I would like to see it done. I don't believe I shall, though."

"Why?"

"Your church won't agree to it."

"Maybe they will in time."

"I hope they will. And yet let me tell you, Mr. Strong, even if you succeeded in getting your church and people to come into the tenement district you would find plenty of people there who wouldn't go near you."

"I suppose that is so. But, oh, that we might do something!" Phillip clasped his hands over his knee and gazed earnestly at the man opposite. The man returned the gaze almost as earnestly. It was the impersonation of the Church confronting the labouring man, each in a certain way asking the other, "What will the Church do?" And it was a noticeable fact that the minister's look revealed more doubt and anxiety than the other man's look, which contained more or less of indifference and distrust. Phillip sighed, and his visitor soon after took his leave.

So it came about that Phillip Strong plunged into a work which from the time he stepped into the dingy little hall and faced the crowd peculiar to it, had a growing influence on all his strange career, which rapidly grew in strangeness as days came on.

He was invited again and again to address the men in that part of Milton. They were almost all mill-employees. They had a simple organization for debate and discussion of questions of the day. Gradually the crowds increased as Phillip continued to come, and developed a series of talks on Christian Socialism. There was standing room only. He was beginning to know a number of the men and a strong affection was growing up in their hearts for him.

That was just before the time the

trouble at the mills broke out. He had just come back from the hall where he had now been going every Tuesday evening, and where he had spoken on his favourite theme, "the meaning and responsibility of power, both financial and moral." He had treated the subject from the Christian point of view entirely. He had several times roused his rude audience to enthusiasm. Moved by this theme and his surroundings he had denounced, with even more than usual vigour, those men of ease and wealth who did nothing with their money to help their brothers. He had mentioned, as he went along, what great responsibility any great power puts on a man, and had dealt in a broad way with the whole subject of power in men as a thing to be used, and always used, for the common good.

He did not recall his exact statements, but felt a little uneasy as he walked home, for fear he might possibly have influenced his particular audience against the rich as a class. He had not intended anything of the kind, but had a vague idea that possibly he ought to have guarded some words or sentences more carefully,

He had gone up into his study to finish some work, when the bell rang sharply, and he came down to open the door just as Mrs. Strong came in from the other room, where she had been giving directions to the girl, who had gone upstairs through the kitchen.

The minister and his wife opened the door together, and one of the neighbours rushed into the hall so excited he could hardly speak.

"Oh, Mr. Strong, won't you go right down to Mr. Winter's house at once? You have more influence with those men than any one around here!"

"What men?"

"The men who are going to kill him if some one doesn't stop it!"

"What!" cried Phillip, turning pale, not from fear, but from self-reproach to think he might have made a mistake. "Who is trying to kill him,—the mill-men?"

"Yes! No! I do not, cannot tell. But he is in great danger, and you are the only man in this town who can help to save him. Come!"

Phillip turned to his wife. "Sarah, it is my duty. If anything should happen to me, you know my soul will meet yours at the gates of Paradise."

He kissed her, and rushed out into the night.

THE HIDDEN LIGHT.

The snowflakes fall across the misty sky,
  And hide the hills whereon I love to gaze,
  Such dreams they bring of long expected days.
And through the paley gloom my strained eye
Looks for the light, and watches hopefully
  To catch a glimpse of soul-reviving rays;
  Because I know that far behind the haze
The sunlight shines to bless and beautify.

Dear God, the shadows fall twixt heav'n and me—
  Those shades of sin that dim the sinner's view—
  Yet can I see Thy glory shining through,
And though to-day all pale and faint it be,
  I know there glows for all the pure and true
  The light and lustre of eternity!

—*Rev. Wm. Livingston.*

THE TABLETS OF TEL-EL-AMARNA.*

BY REV. G. F. SALTON, PH.B.

I.

The Tel-el-Amarna find of 1887; the Tel-el-Hesy tablet of 1892; the new race discovered in Egypt by Prof. Petrie in 1894, a race which when its secrets are known will, I imagine, solve the problem of the silence of the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th dynasties of Egyptian history; the Stéle of Mineptah found last winter and containing the only mention of the Israelites as yet discovered; the broken tablet, recently unearthed by Mr. Pinches, containing the names of Arioch, king of Ellasar, Chedorlaomer, king of Elam, and Tidal, king of Goyim, the very names which for long years have formed the crux of the Old Testament; the discovery last July of clay tablets at Niffer, which showed that Sargon stood not at the beginning but almost in the middle of the ancient history of Babylonia, and that Nipur or Niffer was a city hoary with age before Sargon began to reign, these are only a few of thousands of similar finds made during the past decade. So much has been brought to light and interpreted that Prof. Sayce cannot be far wrong when he says: "The period of literary scepticism is over."

Archæology speaks to us now in the tones of the 19th century. It shows us that the narratives of the Old Testament are not theological fairy tales, but accounts of events which have taken place in this every-day world of ours. It tells us how those men thought and acted who were contemporary with the heroes of the Hebrew Scriptures, and it brings before us as in a cinematograph the movements of the day and the theatre wherein those movements took place.

With the great progress we have made in the knowledge of the history and conditions of the peoples of the Old Testament, what a delightful task it would be to pick up and group the results of the readings of the monuments of all Oriental lands and see whither they have led us. But we are to content ourselves to-day with a glance into one little corner of the vast field; to study but one little episode in the fast lengthening history of the monuments, a study which will, I imagine, revolutionize many of our conceptions of ancient Oriental life and history.

Late in the fall of 1887, a peasant woman of the fellaheen or agricultural class of Egypt, whilst searching in the neighbourhood of the modern village of Tel-el-Amarna for nitre with which to enrich the soil of her garden, came upon a number of small clay tablets. Further digging brought to light more, until, including fragments, 320 were discovered. The mound into which the peasant woman was boring is situated on a beautiful plain which stretches for twelve miles along the eastern bank of the river Nile midway between Cairo and Luxor or Thebes, 180 miles by river from each. The whole line of mounds is about five miles long and two miles wide, and is but slightly elevated.

"Tel" is the Arabic name given to the artificial mounds which cover the remains of ancient cities, while El-Amarna denotes the Bedouin tribe of Beni-Hassan, whose descendants inhabit the district in which the line of mounds is situated. These pieces of baked clay are covered on the front, back and edges with inscriptions, varying in length from two to eight inches, and in width from one to six inches. The majority are of the smaller sizes. The clay, being from different parts of the country, differs, and gives various colours and surfaces to the tablets, so that it is possible by the nature of the clay alone to decide with some certainty the derivation of a few of the tablets when the name of the writer is lost.

The inscriptions are the wedge-shaped characters known as the ancient cuneiform script. The language is that used in Babylonia in the times of Moses, a language very like the Aramaic of the Talmud, the same language in a primitive condition as is now spoken by the peasantry of Palestine. This fact gave rise at first to grave doubt as to their genuineness, for Babylonian writings had never been discovered in Egypt before. So when a few were offered to the Boulak Museum at Cairo they were promptly refused as fraudulent.

Mr. E. A. Wallace Budge, of the British Museum, was in Egypt at the time of the discovery and he purchased the whole find. Now, though it is against

* A paper read before the Theological Conference, Victoria University, December, 1896.

the law to take antiquities of any kind out of the Turkish Empire, yet they find their way out in the most astounding ways. It is not the fault of the traveller if a few antiquities should follow him in bales of wool or other commodities of export. Mr. Budge left Egypt fully expecting that these tablets would follow him, but after he had gone, a German, Grāf by name, turned up who offered the fellaheen more than Mr. Budge had paid for them and they immediately sold them over again. In this way 160 of these tablets found their way to the Berlin Museum, 82 to the British Museum in London, and 56 to the Gizeh Museum in Cairo, and perhaps 20 more are in the hands of private individuals.

These tablets have at last been translated, the translations forming a volume half as large as the Pentateuch. They prove to be letters and despatches from the kings and governors of Babylonia, Assyria, Syria, Mesopotamia, Eastern Cappadocia, Phœnicia and Palestine. From Palestine there are 176 letters, chiefly from the coast of the Mediterranean. These are, of course, to us the most interesting. These tablets treat of various subjects, *e.g.*, of marriages, dowries, presents, social relations, diplomacy and war. The events recorded include the conquest of Damascus by the Hittites; of Phœnicia by the Amorites, and of Judea by the Abiri, whom Colonel Conder, Capt. Haynes, Prof. Zimmern and others identify as the Hebrews. The names of Japhia, king of Lachish, mentioned in Joshua x., and Jabin, king of Hazor, mentioned in Joshua xi., and possibly Adonizedek, king of Jerusalem, occur among those of the writers.

The gods mentioned are those found in the Bible, including Baal, Baalah, Rimmon, Shamash, Nebo and Dagon, and an expression which corresponds to the Hebrew word Elohim occurs frequently. A great number of towns and cities, several of which are important biblical places, *e.g.*, Gath, Makkedah, Baal Gad, Enam, Lachish, are mentioned in such a way that their sites are practically settled, and the topography of the Holy Land is made much more definite than before.

These letters are addressed for the most part to two Egyptian kings, Amenophis III. and IV. It is a matter of great regret that none of them are dated, yet through two kings (Assuruballidh, king of Assyria, and Burna-burrias, king of Babylon), from whom some of the letters came, we are enabled to arrive at a date around which they may be clustered. Of all nations the Assyrians and Babylonians were the most careful in keeping their chronologies, and Sayce places 1430–1410 B.C., and 1400 to 1370 B.C. as probable dates for Burna-burrias and Assurubalidh respectively.

The earliest despatch is one addressed to Thothmes IV. whose date is 1423 B.C. The whole of the correspondence, covering some fifty years, may be placed between the years 1415 and 1365, and evidently clusters around the year 1400 B.C. This takes us back, according to the chronology of Old Testament writers, to the date of the conquest of Palestine. We will hardly understand the bearing of the Tel-el-Amarna correspondence on Old Testament history without first getting a clear idea of its place in the history of Egypt.*

How came these tablets to Tel-el-Amarna, and what are their contents? During the earlier part of the 18th dynasty Egypt was a great military power, and extended her conquests as far as the Euphrates and the Tigris. Amenophis III., in order to strengthen his influence in the conquered countries, made affiliations by marriage, as Solomon did later.

He treated his foreign wives well, allowed them to worship the gods of their own land, erected temples to Baal or Aten, the "Lord of heaven," whose

* The dates of the dynasties in the following table are from Professor Petrie's "History of Egypt," now being published.

Their place in history:

Dynasty I.	B.C.	4777–4514.	Menes first ruler—Memphis—Ptah—Sphinx (?).
"	II.–III.	4514–3998.	Little known.
"	IV.	3998–3721.	Pyramids—Government highly organized—Statue of Khaf-ra.
"	V.–VI.	3721–3322.	Climax of painting and sculpture.
"	VII.–XI.	3322–2778.	Little known.
"	XII.	2778–2565.	Wars of Extension—Lake Mœris.
"	XIII.–XIV.	2565–1998.	Little known.
"	XV.–XVII.	1998–1587.	Hyksos or Shepherd Kings—Abraham—Descent into Egypt, 1870 B.C.
"	XVIII.	1587–1327.	Military prowess—Tel-el-Amarna—Exodus 1438 B.C.—Conquest of Palestine.

It was during the latter part of the eighteenth dynasty that our letters were written.

symbol was the winged solar disk, and permitted the children of the royal family to be brought up under the influence of this new and heretical religion. The court became to a large extent an Asiatic or Semitic court. The power of the priesthood of Amon (the Supreme God of Egypt) had been absolute from the rise of the 18th dynasty, and the wealth of the conquests of the earlier kings had been poured with unstinting hands into the treasury of Amon. Thebes had grown in magnificence and the priesthood had waxed fat.

The great king Amenophis III. had in no way fallen behind his predecessors in gifts, as shown by his monuments at Thebes, but now the harem influence was opposed to the sodality and the college of Amon. Upon the death of Amenophis III. he was succeeded by his son Amenophis IV., the most interesting figure in the history of Egypt, though at this time a mere boy of thirteen years. He was at first absolutely under the control of his mother, the great royal wife Teie, who was a woman of immense energy and will, and who boldly threw off all masks and defied the priesthood of Amon. The very heart of the court of Egypt was now converted to the Monotheistic religion of the Semitic people. Soon after the king's marriage with a princess from Mitanni, a relation of Teie's, and an earnest worshipper of the cult of Aten, he changed the name of Amenophis, which his predecessors had borne in honour of the god Amon, and was henceforth known as Khu-en-aten. The solar disk is "Aten," and "Khu" means glory, so this king calls himself "the glory of the solar disk."

The Semitic people of the North represented their deity in the form of a circular disk with wings on either side of it. Here we have the one God supreme over all others represented in His most majestic form, as the sun with wings. That these wings symbolized not only speed but protection is shown by one of the scenes on the now famous bowl of Palestrina, where, in a time of great peril during a royal hunt, chariot and horses and riders are all lifted up into the heavens and are enveloped in the wings and arms of the solar disk, to indicate that they will be protected by the Divine power. When the writers of Old Testament therefore spoke of abiding under the shadow of the Divine wings, and of being hidden under His feathers; when Boaz blessed his Moabitish relative, who had come to trust under the shadow of the wings of the God of Israel; when Malachi speaks of the Sun of Righteousness arising with healing in His wings, these writers had no inadequate and belittling figure of a bird brooding over her young, but a vastly more majestic and worthy figure, the most majestic which the ancient mind could conceive of the Supreme One God, something utterly different and vastly larger than the thought of a terrestrial bird. The new faith was simply a resort to nature and to nature's God, who is now recognized as *one*, and though the new religion was not an ethical religion the entire movement was far in advance of the age.*

The change of name was the outward sign and token of a religious revolution. The name of Amon was, by order of the heretic king, proscribed and erased from the monuments, temples, tombs and quarries alike, and even the name of the king's own father which contained it was not spared. It was not long before the Pharaoh and the powerful priesthood of Thebes were at open war. But the priesthood proved too strong for the king. The real power in Egypt was the hierarchy. One dynasty might rise and fall and be succeeded by another, but the priesthood went on forever. No dynasty could long stand in opposition to the priesthood. Khu-en-aten was forced to leave his royal city of Thebes, the capital of his fathers, and build himself a new city further north; this he called by his own new name of Khu-en-aten. It is the site of this heretical city that is now covered by the mounds of Tel-el-Amarna, and it is the correspondence office of this city that the peasant woman found in the fall of 1887.

Here the king reared his palace, the grandest man ever dwelt in, and here in the centre of the city rose the great temple of Aten. With him to his new capital the king carried the correspondence and the state papers of both his father and himself. The high positions about the court were now filled with foreigners, whose names proclaim their Canaanitish origin; even the Vizier was called Dudu, to which the name of David is akin, and the court itself became more than ever Semitic.

The domestic life at the palace seems all this time to have been all love, music and flowers. Again and again we meet with representations of the king and

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* See also Isaiah's expression for Egypt:—"The land shadowing with wings," Isaiah xviii. 1—a reference, perhaps, to the wide-winged orbs which may still be seen on the great temple pylons.—Ed.

queen seated together, sometimes the queen on his knee, and usually accompanied by his children, of whom he had seven daughters but no son. It is evident the court lived very much within itself and took very little part in the government of the land. The despatches from Phœnicia and Palestine, and especially from Jerusalem, reveal to us the fact that whilst the king was living his life of pleasure the empire was falling into decay. Revolt and rebellion was the tenor of every letter from his consuls, and what his warrior father and the mighty Thothmes III. had won was fast being lost in the love-dream of this boy-king. Many of the tablets show that the writers understood the state of affairs and hardly expected any interference from the indifferent reformer.

By means of the hieratic writings (that is, abridged hieroglyphics) on wine jars recently unearthed, we learn that the city was commenced early in the king's reign, was completed in the eighth year of his reign, and that he ruled therein for the brief period of nine years. To build a city like this in five or six years implies rapid work and not too massive material. The greater part of the palaces, temples and other important edifices are simply built of bricks of Nile mud faced with plaster and painted. When, therefore, at the death of Khu-en-aten, who is supposed to have been murdered, the priesthood was again victorious over both the heretical religion and the Asiatic influences by which the king had been surrounded, the overthrow of the city was sudden and complete; how sudden and complete is proved by the tablets.

The correspondence breaks off suddenly with a half-told tale of disaster and dismay. The Asiatic Empire is falling to pieces, its enemies are enclosing it on every side. The Hittites have robbed it of its Northern provinces, the Abiri are attacking it from the East, and revolt is shaking it from within. The few governors and vassals who remain faithful to the Pharaoh send more and more urgent requests for instant aid: "If troops come this year," say a number of the tablets, "there will remain both provinces and governors to the king, my lord; but if no troops come, neither provinces nor governors will remain." But the king had more than enough to do fighting off the powerful hierarchy of Thebes, and no answer was returned to these pressing appeals.

These letters give us practically all we know of the closing centuries of the 18th dynasty. The Egyptian inscriptions had already informed us of the conquests of the Pharaohs from the reign of Aahmes to that of Thothmes III.; but for the reigns of Amenophis III. and his son we had very little information. Of the events that took place during this period among the Syrian and Canaanite tributaries we know nothing; we did not know either the name or the location of the heretical capital of Khu-en-aten, or even that such a capital had existed; the Tel-el-Amarna tablets, therefore, create a new chapter, interesting alike to the students of Egyptian history and of Hebrew literature.

SOLACE.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

How sweet is the soothing with Jesus we find,
For sorrow-pressed spirit or care-laden mind;
How precious the peace His redeemèd ones know,
Though round them rough tides of adversity flow.

To the timid and trembling His tender "'Tis I"
Gives assurance of safety, when peril is nigh;
On a sufferer's pillow the touch of His hand
Is grateful as dew in a dry, desert land.

No grief-bended head but may lean on His breast,
No earth-weary heart in His love but may rest,
He hath solace for each,—and in safety, at last,
He will bring where all trouble for aye shall be past.

THE REV. A. M. PHILLIPS, B.D.

BY THE REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D.
Chancellor of Victoria University.

REV. A. M. PHILLIPS, B.D.

Just as the last number of the METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW was going to press the news came of the sudden death of Bro. Phillips, after a severe surgical operation in the Montreal General Hospital. For the past twelve months Mr. Phillips has been a frequent contributor to these pages, and was otherwise well-known to their readers and to Canadian Methodism. For seven years, in connection with heavy pastoral work in most important city stations, he maintained the *Canadian Methodist Review* until, at the time of its amalgamation with the METHODIST MAGAZINE, it held rank among the leading Methodist periodicals of the day.

As a thinker and writer Bro. Phillips occupied a high position among his brethren, while to all who knew him intimately he was especially endeared by his manly sympathy and deep consecration to his work. He was born, in 1847, in Prince Edward county, of U. E. Loyalist parentage. From these he inherited the profound earnestness and strength of his moral and religious nature. He received his primary education under the Public School system of Ontario, and at the early age of sixteen left the farm for the work of the teacher. In this calling he was trained for his life work in both moral and intellectual development. While in this work he was converted at the Brundage settlement, near Trenton, one of the old historic scenes of Methodist revival and camp-meeting power.

After six years' work as a teacher he left his school to engage in the temperance movement which was then being pushed forward in all parts of the Province. A year in this work brought him under the notice of the authorities of the Methodist Church in the West where he was then working, and in 1870 he entered the ministry as a probationer, his

field for the next three years being Mooretown, Sarnia, and Oil Springs. In 1873 he entered Victoria College, where he remained five years, graduating in 1878, and being ordained at the Conference of that year.

While at college he evinced all the high qualities which marked his subsequent work. In a class of strong men, many of whom are among our foremost preachers to-day, he took at once a leading place, not so much on examination papers as in the organization of the student forces of college life. The theological faculty of Victoria was then in its infancy, and one of his first efforts was the organization of the Jackson Society to represent that faculty in college society life. His vacations were devoted to temperance work, in which he soon became a leader of acknowledged strength, fearlessly measuring swords with the ablest opponents of the cause. It was during this period that he took a leading part in the organization of the Canadian Order of Royal Templars.

Immediately on leaving college he began to carry his higher intellectual ideals into Conference circles, and laid the foundation of the theological unions now extended from Manitoba to Newfoundland. As the result of this work a Canadian Methodist literature has been created in the form of published annual lectures, which has given a stimulus to our entire Church and has received recognition in other lands. Out of this also grew the *Canadian Methodist Review*, the editorial burden of which was largely borne by him during its seven years of successful work.

Such work as this might seem quite enough to fill up a short ministerial life of scarcely nineteen years subsequent to ordination. But in the meantime he was filling the pulpit and the pastorate of important churches—such as Chatham, St. Thomas, Galt, St. Mary's, Toronto and Montreal, with a consecrated energy and ability rarely equalled. Everywhere his ministry was full of instruction and yet baptized with Divine unction. Everywhere he gathered around him the youthful energy and zeal of his flock and organized it for Christian work. He threw all his force into the Epworth League and Christian Endeavour, looking upon it as a movement full of promise for the Church. We know of no societies doing better work than some of those whose foundations were laid under his pastoral care. Out of this consecrated toil he has suddenly entered into rest and reward, and hundreds of attached friends in Christ join with his family in mourning the loss of a strong, good man.

A TRIBUTE BY THE REV. S. P. ROSE, D.D.

It has been my great privilege, for over three years past, to enjoy the close friendship of Alfred Moore Phillips. It is true of all public men that they have far more acquaintances than friends. This was true of Mr. Phillips in an eminent degree. He did not run proffering his friendship to every chance stranger. It had to be sought for, as one must seek for the cool, sweet waters that lie at the bottom of the deep well. But like the water so found, his friendship was pure, refreshing, strengthening and invigorating.

Of the many traits of character which drew me to him, two impressed me most. His Christ-like spirit and deportment was the first and most prominent. Mr. Phillips' recording steward, his intimate and warm friend, bears testimony that he never heard an un-Christlike word from our brother's lips, nor noted an un-Christlike act in his life—I gladly repeat this same word of testimony. He earnestly sought to be, what he urged others to become, a reproduction of the unseen Jesus, through the ministry of the Spirit's indwelling.

The second trait of character, which I especially noted, was his spirit of catholicity toward truth, together with his unswerving loyalty to what he believed to be truth. He was always and everywhere a truth-seeker and truth-lover. It was not necessary that it should be cut with a Methodist knife, or served after an orthodox fashion, that he might welcome and obey it. His catholic spirit received it though it came from the Vatican, or from one who stood outside all Churches and creeds. Mr. Phillips was made after the build of the martyrs. Self-interest was the small dust in the balance, when weighed over against principle. Though extremely sensitive to the presence or absence of friendly sympathy, even friendships must not stand in the way of obedience to the voice of conscience. To know Alfred Phillips was to think better of humanity: to be his friend was to desire closer fellowship and friendship with Jesus Christ.

The World's Progress.

WAKING UP TO THE SITUATION.

THE SULTAN: "I wonder whether he means it? It really looks like it this time."—*Westminster Budget.*

We have dealt in a leading article this month with the situation in Armenia. The vigorous protest of Great Britain, especially of the Nonconformist Churches, seems to have convinced the wretched Sultan that John Bull is in earnest in his endeavour to put an end to the atrocious Armenian massacres, and when John Bull is fairly roused, such a craven creature as the crowned assassin will find it the part of discretion to yield. His attitude is well expressed in the above London cartoon.

JOHN BULL AND UNCLE SAM.

Under this heading the New York *Independent* calls attention to the different treatment by the Turk of American and Canadian missionaries in Asia Minor. On March 25th the Rev. George P. Knapp, an American missionary at Bitlis, was marched on foot through wintry snows by a military guard as though a criminal, and treated with the utmost indignity and insult, and was given his passport marked, "Expelled from the country." On November 14th the Rev. F. W. Macallum, a Canadian missionary, was arrested under the idea that he was an American. He appealed to the British Consul and British Ambassador and was instantly released, a guard of honour furnished him, and he returned to his home in time for his Thanksgiving dinner. "That is the difference," says the *Independent*, "between Uncle Sam and John Bull abroad." It makes one proud that he is a British subject to feel that wherever he may be, following his lawful calling, the long, strong arm of Great Britain will be reached out for his defence.

THE TRUCE OF GOD.

Glory to God in the highest,
Peace on earth, good will to men.

The strongest, clearest, sweetest echo of the song of the angels upon the plains of Bethlehem is the glad tidings of the Anglo-American arbitration treaty. The following words of President Cleveland go far to condone his war message, which well-nigh plunged the two nations into war a year ago:

"The experiment of substituting civilized methods for brute force, as the means of settling international questions of right, will thus be tried under the happiest auspices. The example set and the lesson furnished by the successful operation of this treaty are sure to be felt and taken to heart sooner or later by other nations, and will thus mark the beginning of a new epoch in civilization."

We hope that all lovers of their kind on both sides of the sea will combine to give the greatest possible weight to this Truce of God. We trust that it will be the harbinger of universal peace among the nations of the time

> When the war-drum throbs no longer,
> And the battle-flag is furled,
> In the parliament of man,
> The federation of the world.

The London *Chronicle* voices, we believe, the dominant sentiment of Great Britain in these words:

"Great Britain and the United States present to the civilized world an inspiring example of the greatest effort made

since the world began to inaugurate the reign of universal peace."

Our accomplished townsman, the Rev. Dr. Rand, thus expresses, in the *Globe*, what we believe is the predominant sentiment in Canada.

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

Boom, boom, ye mellow joybells, like the sea!
Peace, peace on earth, good-will (and all hell gapes!)
Yet immemorial sadness ever drapes
The upward way of far humanity,—
All prone through dark and strait Gethsemane
Thou cam'st in blood, a cluster of trod grapes!
O bruised race, whose wail so surgeful shapes
Melodious sorrow's awful threnody!

Late, late, love's Areopagus unfurled
Right-reason's sun-glad banner from the height,
While rage the Furies in their cave beneath.
Hush, hush, it is the daybreak of the world!
Man's warring sky is passing out of night!
And stark black demons flit with sword in sheath.

The kingdom of God cometh not with observation. A great battle, with the slaughter of thousands of our fellow-creatures, would be heralded to all the winds, and would be hailed with *Te Deums* of the victors. But this victory of peace and brotherhood is as unheeded as the snowflake, but it has in it the promise of the potency of the highest Christian civilization for the future.

RELIGIOUS PROGRESS IN 1896.

The New York *Independent* makes a very notable report, in its first number for the year, of the progress of the Churches of the United States during 1896—an increase of 743,333. It is one to inspire devout gratitude to God. The number of churches is upwards of 180,000, the gain during 1896 was nearly 3,700, or over ten for every day in the year. This is a sufficient reply to Colonel Ingersoll and his school on the decline of Christianity.

Bishop Hurst reports the membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church as 2,776,656, a gain in four years of 474,042. It has over two and a half millions of scholars in its 30,264 Sunday-schools, with 352,627 officers and teachers. Notwithstanding its missionary debt, the income of the Society for the quadrennium was $244,295 beyond the previous quadrennium; nearly $5,000,000 in all.

The Roman Catholics claim a membership of 8,271,309. The next most numerous is the Methodists, with 5,653,289. But the adherents of the latter are probably twice as many more. Next follow the Baptists, with a total membership of 4,153,857. Then the Presbyterians, with 1,463,346.

Dr. Hodges, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, says: "The world has moved since the day when Bishop Seabury ordered a mitre that he might the better confound the pretensions of the audacious Congregational ministers of his diocese, who said that they were as good bishops as he."

The representative of the Roman Catholic Church frankly says: "Catholics believe that Protestantism is a damnable heresy, worse than any that has yet arisen in the Church. They think it is charity to tell Protestants so; to labour to convince them that it is so."

Even some of the minor sects are making earnest missionary efforts. The Dunkards, for instance, have seventeen missionaries abroad. The Mormons claim to have sent out over 1,400 missionaries during the year—home and foreign—many of these are rather emigrant agents, than what we understand as missionaries. The Mennonites have sixteen agents in the foreign field, chiefly in China.

The *Independent* notes that in the Gilbert Islands Father Bontemps is distributing by the thousand copies of the Gospels and Christian books. One of these is practically a reprint of an issue of the American Bible Society.

The Christian Scientists have erected, in Boston, a church which cost over $220,000, and claim a membership of 200,000 in the United States and Canada.

A FORWARD MOVEMENT IN MISSIONS.

The subject of Christian missions is receiving, in this year of grace, profounder consideration than ever before. The New Year's International Sunday-school Lessons, studied by over fourteen millions of teachers and scholars in many lands, was on our Lord's commission to His followers to "preach the Gospel to every creature." The lessons for the year are devoted to the growth of the early Church and the missionary labours of the Apostle of the Gentiles. The great missionary societies appointed the first week of the year to a forward movement

in missions, with missionary sermons in every pulpit, and, by co-operation with the Evangelical Alliance, universal prayer for missions on the first Wednesday of the year. Following up these methods a Forward Movement in Methodist missions has been inaugurated in Toronto, of which we will give a condensed report next month.

BELATED BIGOTRY.

The mandements of the French bishops, which have led to the suppression of *L'Electeur*, seem like an echo from the Middle Ages, or from a land like Turkey, which has lagged behind the progress of civilization. The censor of the Inquisition, or the Sultan, could hardly be more reactionary or oppressive in his edicts. Such weapons, however, are a boomerang which can only hurt those who hurl them. The curses of the church may terrify a few ignorant peasants, but will arouse the opposition of intelligent Roman Catholics and weaken the influence of the clerical bigots. We doubt not that the old rhyme about the mad dog and his victim will again be verified :

> " The man recovered from the bite,
> The dog it was that died."

Their lordships, the bishops, may find themselves amerced in a good round sum for damages to the proprietor of *L'Electeur*, and amenable to the civil law for their attempted intimidation with the curses of the Church of the free born electors of Canada.

Mr. Moody makes an earnest appeal to the Churches to engage as never before in a revival campaign, especially to lay siege to the large cities. A Christian millionaire offers to give a million dollars to defray the cost of a forward movement in New York and Brooklyn. He proposes that every theatre in the two cities and many halls shall be secured for evangelistic services. The same zeal and energy which were manifested in the political campaign of 1896 would produce astounding results in the sphere of religion.

A literary sensation in Germany is the publication of a score or more of editions of the poems of Johanna Ambrosius, a peasant woman of forty, who has toiled with her hands in hard farm work since she was eleven. Not Schiller or Goethe had such a marvellous success. Her songs are earnest utterances of the joys and sorrows and hopes and aspirations of the poor.

We think a feasible solution of the difficulty between capital and labour will be to take labour into partnership with capital. This is done in the Illinois Central Railway, where the employees are encouraged to become stockholders. In certain great manufacturing industries this plan has also been adopted, with the result that the employees are more contented, more devoted to the interests of the firm, more anxious to prevent waste and increase profit. We would like to see the plan introduced in some of our great Canadian industries.

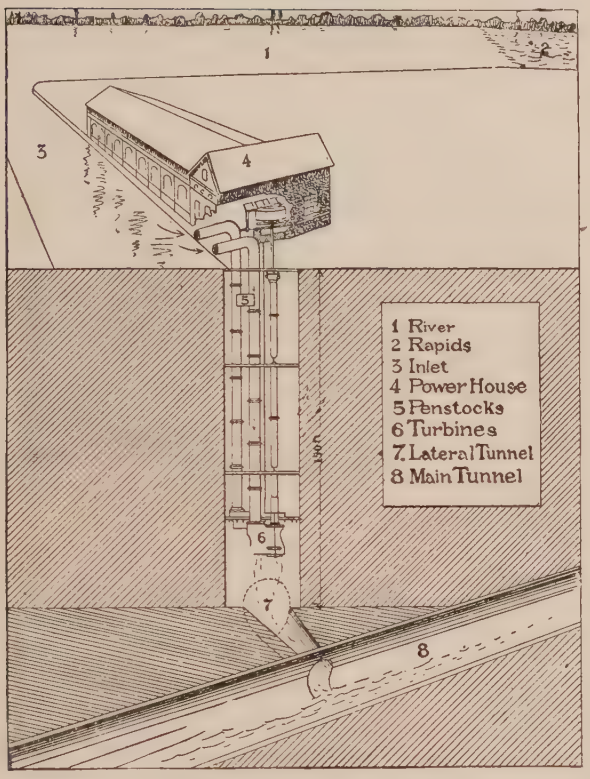
With the beginning of the year, New York is compelled to keep her ten thousand convicts in enforced idleness. This is bad at once for the convict and for the free labourer. In enforced idleness, the convict is confirmed in vice or driven to insanity. The labourer will find it all the more difficult to earn a living wage, while carrying on his shoulders an idle convict. There may be wrongs in farming out the labour of the convict ; but if the State be itself the contractor and sell the product at a price remunerative to free labour, we do not see where injustice can be done.

The agreement of the Pacific Cable Conference will hasten the forging of this important link in the golden chain that binds the British Empire together. More and more the august idea of Imperial Federation is developing in the thought and plans of men.

The completion of Herbert Spencer's great philosophical work, projected five-and-thirty years ago, has created much interest. His marvellous intellectual powers and indefatigable industry, in spite of ill-health and unremunerative return for his labour, excites the admiration of those who do not accept his philosophy. Dr. Bowman Stevenson calls attention to the fact that this apostle of negation sprang from a Methodist family. He was born in the town of Derby. His father was a teacher of some note, and worshipped in our Church His mother was a devout woman and a successful class-leader.

HARNESSING NIAGARA.

BY ELIZABETH FLINT WADE.



The harnessing of Niagara is one of the greatest feats of modern engineering. For years engineers have watched the power going to waste down the great cataract, and studied how it could be made available for mechanical purposes. The only device for using it was the building of a canal opening out of the river above the Falls, and emptying into it at the edge of the bluff a mile or two below the Falls. Power was thus carried to several mills built on the bank, but it was a mere cipher compared to the great force daily poured over the great precipice, a force which has been estimated to equal nearly 6,000,000 horse-power, enough to drive all the machinery on the continent.

Many plans for using this power were made, only to be abandoned, till Mr. Thomas Evershed, an engineer on the Erie Canal, devised the scheme of digging wheel-pits above the Falls, placing turbine-wheels at the bottom of the pits, conveying water from the river to turn the wheels —which should be used to generate electricity— and carrying off the waste water through a large tunnel. The plan was found feasible, and in 1886 the Niagara Falls Power Company was incorporated. Millions of dollars and the service of the most skilful engineers in the world were employed in carrying out the plan. Work was begun in 1887, and in January, 1894, the first great turbine-wheel was set at work.

The manner of using a part of the tremendous power of the cataract, though constructed on so gigantic a scale, is simple An inlet canal 1,500 feet long, 500 feet wide, and 12 feet deep opens from the river at a point about a mile and a half above the Falls. A short distance from the side of the canal nearest the Falls, and near the end farthest from the river, are two wheel-pits 160 ft. deep, and at the bottom of each is a 5,000 horse-power Girard double turbine-wheel. From the canal to these pits are head-races fitted with sluices through which the water is admitted to the wheel-pits. Both the canal and the head-races are lined with solid masonry, and the gates which regulate the supply of water are opened and shut by automatic levers. In each wheel-pit is an immense iron tube reaching from top to bottom of the pit, made of boiler iron. The tube, called a penstock, is seven feet in diameter, and the water pours down this pipe into the wheel-case in which the turbine revolves.

The turbine shaft revolves at the rate of 250 times a minute, and the speed can be increased to twice that number of times. The vertical shaft of the turbine is attached to a propeller shaft which rises to the floor of the power-house—built over the wheel-pits—where it is attached to a very large dynamo.

Almost as great a feat as the digging of the wheel-pits and placing the turbines at the bottom, was the excavating of the tunnel to carry off the waste water. This tunnel, which is 7,000 feet long, starts near the bottom of the wheel-pits and empties into the river just below the Suspension Bridge. It is horseshoe shaped, is 21 feet high, and 19 feet wide in the curve. It is lined with brick, overlaid with rubble above, and the outlet is lined for 200 feet back with heavy cast-iron plates.

An elevator descends to the bottom of the wheel-pits, where there are four galleries which enable the engineers to pass round the turbines and examine the workings.

A company has been incorporated under the name of the Cataract Power and Conduit Company for the purpose of furnishing electric power to the city of Buffalo from the Niagara Falls plant. The lines through which it is sent are capable of transmitting 40,000 horse-power.

The present power-station at the Falls, when fully equipped, will contain ten dynamos, the combined capacity of which will be 50,000 horse-power.

The tunnel through which the waste water is discharged is the largest in the world, and of sufficient size to carry away enough water to develop 120,000 horse-power. Even this great volume of water diverted from its natural channel will not perceptibly lessen the 7,000 tons which leap over the precipice every minute.

The Human Body as a Conductor.

A curious telephone incident is noted in an exchange. In some way the telephone wire had been cut, and previous to repairing it two young men undertook a novel experiment. One of them took an end of the broken wire in each hand, the other proceeded a distance of four miles to the store where the receiver was located and rang up an adjoining town beyond the break. Although the one holding the wires received a severe shock he maintained his hold upon the severed wires and the message was clearly conveyed through his body. The two experimenters then changed their positions and the novel experiment was repeated with satisfactory results.

The Horseless Carriage.

LONDON ELECTRICAL CAB.

In almost every leading city in Europe horseless carriages are slowly but surely gaining recognition. This is especially the case in Paris and London. In the recent Lord Mayor's annual parade in the English capital, an old-fashioned gilt "Lord Mayor's coach," drawn by six prancing steeds, was followed by a modern vehicle, propelled by a motor. Electrical cabs (like that shown in our illustration) are likely to become plentiful in London, and the London Electrical Cab Company, with large capital, is about to place a large number in public service. It is claimed that the new style of vehicle can be run at much less cost than the old, and that the risk of accident is reduced one-half.

An automotor parade from London to Brighton took place the other day, when the trip, both ways, was made at the rate of about twenty miles an hour. An absurd old law has been revoked which forbade automotor travel at more than seven miles an hour, and required a pilot to go ahead waving a red flag. A complete revolution is promised in the way of conveying farm and garden produce to the London markets.

THE LAUREATE OF THE EMPIRE.*

The author of "The Seven Seas" has well been called "the Laureate of the Empire." "He voices the new patriotism," as Charles Eliot Norton says, "that of Imperial England, which holds as one all parts of her wide-stretched Empire, and binds them close in the indissoluble bond of common motherhood, and with the ties of common convictions, principles and aims, derived from the teachings and traditions of the Motherland, and expressed in the best verses of her poets. It is this passionate, moral, Imperial patriotism that inspires the first poem in the book, 'The Song of the English,' and which recurs again and again through its pages."

It is especially of Britain, as the Mistress of the Sea, that Mr. Kipling sings. Something of the elemental grandeur of the ocean is found in his lines—the magic and mystery of the sea, its infinite sadness, and sometimes its terror and gloom. The first and last stanzas of "The Song of the English," indicate his conception of Britain's great world-heritage, and the part she has to play in the history of the race :

Fair is our lot—O goodly is our heritage !
(Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth !)
For the Lord our God Most High
He hath made the deep as dry,
He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the Earth ! . . .

Keep ye the law—be swift in all obedience.
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford.
Make ye sure to each his own
That he reap what he hath sown ;
By the peace among our peoples let men know we serve the Lord.

The theme is continued in "The Coastwise Lights" :

Our brows are wreathed with spindrift and the weed is on our knees ;
Our loins are battered 'neath us by the swinging, smoking seas.
From reef and rock and skerry—over headland, ness and voe—
The coastwise lights of England watch the ships of England go !

That is a fine figure in which he speaks of Britain's argosies as "Swift shuttles of an Empire's loom that weave us main to main."

The mission of Britain's heroic pathfinders of empire in all lands is finely expressed in "The Song of the Dead."

Then the wood failed—then the food failed—then the last water dried—
In the faith of little children we lay down and died.
On the sand-drift—on the veldt-side—in the fern-scrub we lay,
That our sons might follow after by the bones on the way.

But especially is the sea-bed strewn with the English dead.

We have fed our sea for a thousand years
And she calls us, still unfed,
Though there's never a wave of all her waves
But marks our English dead :

There's never a flood goes shoreward now
But lifts a keel we manned ;
There's never an ebb goes seaward now
But drops our dead on the sand—

The song of Britain's sons to the great Mother of Nations stirs the patriotic pulses.

Turn, for the world is thine. Mother, be proud of thy seed !
Count, are we feeble or few ? Hear, is our speech so rude ?
Those that have stayed at thy knees, Mother, go call them in—
We that were bred overseas wait and would speak with our kin.

In majestic personation the great cities of the Empire hail the Mighty Mother : Bombay, Calcutta, Singapore, Halifax, which says :

The warden of the honour of the North,
Sleepless and veiled am I !

Montreal and Quebec say :

Peace is our portion. Yet a whisper rose,
Foolish and causeless, half in jest, half hate.
Now wake we and remember mighty blows,
And, fearing no man, wait !

Victoria, B.C., says :

From east to west the circling word has passed,
Till west is east beside our land-locked blue ;
From east to west the tested chain holds fast,
The well-forged link rings true !

* "The Seven Seas." By Rudyard Kipling. New York : D. Appleton & Co. Price, $1.50.

Then follow Cape Town, Melbourne, Brisbane, Auckland, and the rest.

The Mighty Mother answers :

Flesh of the flesh that I bred, bone of the bone that I bare ;
Deeper than speech our love, stronger than life our tether . . .
Wards of the Outer March, Lords of the Lower Seas,
Ay, talk to your grey Mother that bore you on her knees !
In the day of Armageddon, at the last great fight of all,
That Our House stand together and the pillars do not fall,
Draw now the threefold knot firm on the ninefold bands.

These are certainly stirring and noble lines, "*O! si sic omnes*," would that his poems were all written in so elevated a vein. In "McAndrew's Hymn" the old Calvinist engineer sings the lesson of Law, Order, Duty which his engines declare.

In the "Hymn Before Action," the British sailor prays :

The sinner that forswore thee,
The fool that passed thee by,
Our times are known before thee—
Lord, grant us strength to die !

The ineradicable love of her sons for their Motherland is finely expressed in the following :

Far and far our homes are set round the Seven Seas,
Woe for us if we forget, we that hold by these !
Unto each his mother-beach, bloom and bird and land—
Masters of the Seven Seas, oh, love and understand !

In "The Sea-wife" and "Last Rhyme of True Thomas," the very spirit of the old ballad poetry is caught.

Hitherto we have only words of commendation for Mr. Kipling's last volume. In much of the remainder he has sung unworthily of his great powers. He seems to us a sort of literary combination of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. In his better moods he is magnificent, in his lower moods he is utterly ignoble. "The Mary Gloster" is a sort of modern version of Browning's "The Bishop Orders His Tomb." But Browning's poem gives us a wonderful insight into the spirit of the Italian Renaissance. Kipling's is the dying charge to his son of a wicked, avaricious, old sea-captain who had "made himself and a million—ten thousand men on the pay-roll, and forty freighters at sea." His philosophy of life is earthly, sensual, and devilish.

Still worse are the barrack-room ballads. Strange that Mr. Kipling is so fond of exhibiting the seamy side of soldier life, as if there were no other side. God pity the Empire if its defenders are such a set of brute-men, consumed with a lust of drink and blood and blasphemy, without even the virtue of physical courage. These pictures we believe to be a slander on the character of the British soldier. Why select the most degraded wretches as types of the whole? There are thousands of God-fearing men in the army, including many Wesleyans and men of the type of Havelock's praying band.

While Mr. Kipling's noble poems of patriotism, we believe, will live as long as language, his odious barrack-room ballads will be sunk ten thousand fathoms deep in the sea of oblivion.

THE YALE LECTURES FOR 1896.

BY THE REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D.

Chancellor of Victoria University.

The Yale lectures on preaching have long since established themselves in a foremost place in our theological literature. Dealing with a most important living and practical interest of the Christian Church, and enlisting the ablest pulpit talent of the English-speaking world, they have given us not a few volumes of abiding value. The lectures for the present session are delivered by the famous literary divine, "Ian Maclaren." Those of last year* were given by Dr. Vandyke, of the Brick Church in New York, and are now before us in printed form.*

On opening the volume something of a surprise meets us at the very outset. The lectures heretofore have dealt at large with the methods of preaching. This

* "The Gospel for an Age of Doubt : the Yale Lectures on Preaching for 1896." By Henry Vandyke, LL.D. New York : The McMillan Company. Price, $1.75.

well-worn track the author at once discards, he will teach us not *how to preach*, but *what to preach*. After all this is but a more profound answer to the other question. In answering this question we first of all enter into a study of the moral and religious character of the age to which we are preaching. This he sums up in the title of his book. This is an age of doubt, and we must preach a "Gospel for an Age of Doubt."

In describing our age as an age of doubt, our author evidently does not intend to charge the age with a lack of religious faith. His own magnificent exposition of the practical Christianity of the century, when, in the last lecture, he touches the theme of missions, would be sufficient answer. But by doubt he refers to those intellectual difficulties which perplex and sometimes obscure religious faith, though they can never entirely suppress it. That such difficulties abound in our age is certain. That a considerable class of thoughtful men, who have in religious matters the little learning which is a dangerous thing, have been affected by them is also certain. But it is quite as certain that they touch but very slightly the moral and religious condition of the great mass of humanity.

A preacher can make no greater mistake, so far as the great end of preaching is concerned, than to choose the subject matter of his preaching from the doubts of the age. Even for doubt itself the best cure is positive truth. But although he seemed on the verge of it, our author has not stumbled into this pitfall. His cure for the doubt of the age is the most direct, simple, original form of the Gospel of Christ. He proposes to abandon largely, if not entirely, the speculative form of Christianity and preach to the world *a personal Saviour*.

But when, in the subsequent lectures, he unfolds this Gospel of a personal Christ to us, we are not by any means certain that he is himself free from the entanglements of a speculative philosophy, and in simple moral and religious contact with the personal Christ. In saying this we do not for an instant charge him with a lack of true, deep religious faith. On the other hand, we are at every turn of the page delighted with the rich religious spirit both of the man and his thought. The lectures must have been a religious inspiration to the hearts of his hearers. But while this is true, it is none the less true that his vision of the Christ is tinted with the hue of a philosophy and forms itself into a speculative theology.

It is the influence of this philosophy which causes him to put the atonement somewhat into the background, and to bring forward the incarnation in its place. This new departure is not the necessary outcome of the Gospel of a personal Saviour. The personal Saviour was never more directly and simply offered to men than in the preaching of the apostles. And yet with them the atoning death is more prominent than the incarnation. Even the incarnation itself is always presented in the way of sacrifice. "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

But if we eliminate this speculative element from the lectures, we have in them a very rich and stimulating truth for our age. Take the personal Christ, the historic Christ, and apart from all theories of His work or His nature, offer Him to the world as their Saviour, the One who offers them forgiveness from the Father, who brings to them the love of the Father, who teaches them the will of the Father, who Himself leads them into doing that will, and for that purpose fills them with His own spirit, and in these facts you have just what the world needs for its salvation.

Let men lay all their speculative doubts aside and come in the spirit of true seekers after truth (the true scientific spirit, if you will), to the simple facts. They are sinners burdened with the consciousness of sin. They are confused and dark as to duty. They are morally weak, falling again and again into sin. He says: "Come unto me and I will give you rest"; "Thy sins which be many are all forgiven thee"; "I am the light of the world." The testimony of thousands of the saintliest men and women the world has known bears witness. "He saved me." "He loved me and gave himself for me." "His strength has been made perfect in my weakness."

And this Gospel has been the most mighty for its work. It was the Gospel of Peter at Pentecost, of Paul at Rome, of Luther in Germany, of Knox in Scotland, of Wesley in England, and of Moody to-day. It is just the Gospel to preach, and the Gospel to hear and be saved.

The concluding chapter on "Service" is one of the very best in the book and should stimulate the Church to answer the call of the age.

Book Notices.

The Tearless Land. A Collection of Poems on Heaven. Compiled by M. C. Hazard, Ph.D. Boston: Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

"For our conversation is in heaven; from whence, also, we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ." In this spirit Dr. Hazard has compiled a collection of the sweetest and tenderest poems in the language on the home of the soul. It is wonderful how rich the English language is in these sacred poems. They are a precious heritage in our literature. Although the hymnody of Germany and of the Huguenots has many noble songs of Zion, yet no literature is so rich in great Christian poems as that of Great Britain and America.

In this collection the Latin hymns of the mediæval Church mingle with those of the saintliest souls of Christendom. The sweetest singer of the "homeland" is Horatius Bonar, whose hymns of faith and hope are an inspiration to all the Churches. The hymns of Faber, of Father Ryan, of Newman and Proctor, St. Teresa of Spain, and Bernard of Cluny, teach us that beyond formal differences is a deep and devout spiritual unity of faith. These hymns are not morbid nor other-worldly. Bonar finely expresses the proper attitude of the soul in the words:

"My God, it is not fretfulness
That makes me say, "How long?"
It is not heaviness of heart
That hinders me in song;
'Tis not despair of truth and right,
Nor coward dread of wrong."

The grand old hymn of St. Bernard is given in full, with various English renderings.

The world is too much with us. It is well amid its fervid strifes to commune with our own hearts and be still and bethink us of the endless life of heaven which stretches on beyond the near bourne of the grave. This is a book for a quiet hour, and for hours of bereavement and sorrow. Dr. Hazard has earned the thanks of the Church for his beautiful collection which cannot fail to be a means of blessing and benediction. In the section on the pilgrimage to heaven occurs the following striking poem, by Christina G. Rossetti:

Does the road wind uphill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole, long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at the door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yes, beds for all who come.

A few pages of judicious literary and biographical notes add greatly to the value of the volume.

The Edge of the Orient. By Robert Howard Russell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.50.

The Levantine shores of the Mediterranean have always possessed a strange fascination. They were seats of the oldest civilizations and most ancient empires, and their historic memories carry us back to the dawn of time. Since Kinglake wrote his "Eothen" we know no more charming sketches of Eastern travel than those of Mr. Howard Russell. He has the delicate vein of humour, light touch, and rapid movement that make his book singularly fascinating.

His route of travel, for the most part, has led through many regions little traversed by the conventional globe-trotter. In the half-forgotten regions of Zara and Subenico, Traü and Spalato, Ragusa and Cattaro, he finds themes of novel interest and picturesque description. His knowledge of the past enables him to illustrate the present with many historic allusions. A pilgrimage chapel, for instance, illustrates the spirit of mediæval devotion by the legend that the grateful mariner, who escaped shipwreck, vowed its erection, and used his whole cargo of wine to mix the mortar used in the construction of his thank-offering.

At the siege of Curzola the cunning people arrayed all the women and children in armour, and made such a brave showing on the walls that the Turkish corsair, thinking the garrison too strong, sailed away.

Few things impress one more than the omnipresent records of battles and sieges and war. The Adriatic is bordered with very small towns with immense fortifications, as, *e.g.*, Ragusa, once a powerful port, from which is said to come the word "Argosy." Even to-day the women are the workers and tillers of the soil, staggering up and down the steep mountain paths under enormous burdens, while the men swagger around the streets talking of war and rumours of war.

"Montenegro," says Mr. Gladstone, "has a heroic history whose traditions surpass those of Marathon." Yet its agriculture is conducted much as it was in the time of the Trojan wars. Each man is compelled by law to carry a loaded revolver, and a whole arsenal of other weapons—even the waiters in the inns. Its capital is the smallest, and one of the most impregnable, in Europe. One can stand in its centre and throw stones into its suburbs.

The visit to Stamboul, Smyrna and Salonica, Beyrout and Damascus, and the old land of the Nile, are a series of graphic sketches. Our author made his own kodak pictures, and very clever and clear-cut ones they are.

Syria From the Saddle. By Albert Payson Terhune. New York: Silver, Burdett & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

There is a perennial interest about travel in the Lord's Land. Most books of Syrian travel have been written by ministers. This is one by a wide-awake layman who is apparently a physician. He writes in a very fresh and unconventional manner, more in the humorous style of Mark Twain or Dudley Warner than of clerical authors. He gives a graphic account from a eye-witness of the massacre of Damascus, strikingly analogous to the more recent massacres in Armenia. He makes short work with some of the legends and traditions as to the sacred sites. He enjoyed with peculiar advantage the Bedouins' life, sharing their tents and enjoying their hospitality. He is somewhat severe on the so-called "cranks" of Palestine and Jerusalem, but, we think, scarcely just to some whose character has been vindicated by an American court. The book is cleverly written and well illustrated, but rather lacks sympathy with the sacred associations of the land of the Bible.

Queen Victoria; Her Life and Reign. A Study of British Monarchical Institutions and the Queen's Personal Career, Foreign Policy, and Imperial Influence. By J. Castell Hopkins. Toronto: The Bradley-Garretson Company. Quarto, pp. 500. Fifty-six illustrations. Cloth. Price, $3.00.

There can be no better preparation for the intelligent celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of her Majesty's accession to the throne than the study of the great events of her reign. It is only by contrasting the achievements of its close with the promise of its beginning that we can realize the vast stride which has been made in Christian civilization. This progress has been, in very large degree, due to the personal influence of our gracious sovereign.

Of the many lives of Queen Victoria, we know of none which for range and scope equals that prepared by our own fellow citizen, Mr. J. Castell Hopkins. His avowed purpose is to treat at the same time the domestic details of her Majesty's life, the historic environment of her career, and the imperial influence of her personality and work. The latter conception is only now emerging into due prominence, and is but another illustration of the unity and solidarity of the British Empire throughout the world.

This book is, in some important respects, really a history of Great Britain and the Empire for the last sixty years, with the added interest of being the life-story of the sovereign whose benign rule embraces more dependents than any other, except the Emperor of China. All readers of Mr. Hopkins' "Life of Mr. Gladstone," will recognize his conspicuous qualifications for preparing this work. He is at once thoroughly loyal to Canada and to the Empire, and to those principles of popular liberty, which, during the Queen's reign, "have broadened down from precedent to precedent." There is much of romance, of mingled joy and sorrow, of happy wedded life, of long and lonely widowhood in this life; much of marvellous growth of the Empire, development of its resources, and of the social, intellectual and industrial progress of humanity.

A feature of much interest is Lord

Dufferin's graceful Introduction to this volume. The book is embellished by some fifty-six excellent illustrations, chiefly portraits and scenes of historic import. Its reading will develop among our people a loyalty to the throne and person of our sovereign, whose rule, "broad-based upon the people's will," has been a blessing to her Empire.

People's Commentary on The Acts. By the Rev. Edwin W. Rice, D.D., Member of the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis, Author of "People's Commentaries on Matthew, Mark, Luke and John," "People's Dictionary of the Bible," "Our Sixty-Six Sacred Books," etc., etc. Cloth, octavo, 371 pages, two large maps and nineteen pages of engravings. Philadelphia: American Sunday-school Union. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

During the year 1897 the story of the early Church, and of the life and labours of St. Paul, as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, will be studied by the Sunday-schools of Christendom as never before. There is something majestic in the thought of devout millions poring over the same portions of the Word of God, like the Berean Christians of old. This fact enables publishers to present up-to-date commentaries at prices heretofore undreamt of. This book is issued under the "Green Fund," which provides that the public shall have the benefit of a still further reduction in price. But mere cheapness would be a poor recommendation if the book were inferior otherwise. The present volume is the result of adequate scholarship and sound exegesis. It has the full texts of the Common and of the Revised Version, side by side, at the bottom of the page, and critical, exegetical and applicative explanations, with illustrations from Oriental life and history, to aid the student to understand the text.

Thomas Chalmers. By W. Garden Blaikie. Famous Scot Series. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50c.

It is almost a crime to bury the memory of a good man under such a monumental biography as the four volumes of Dr. Hanna's "Life of Chalmers." The publishers of this series are rendering important service to the reading public by the terse, strong, well-written character-studies of the "Famous Scot" series. Scotland is a land of great preachers, from the time of Knox and Wishart down to Drs. McGregor and McLeod. But the greatest of them all, as preacher, philosopher, philanthropist, professor, and ecclesiastical leader, was unquestionably Dr. Thomas Chalmers. He burst upon the world like a new star in his astronomical discourses, of which nine editions, or twenty thousand copies, were sold in a year. "The tartan beats us all," said Mr. Canning, on hearing his eloquent utterance. His work as father and founder of the Free Kirk of Scotland was fame enough for any man. His sympathy with the poor, with social reform, Christian evangelization, makes an ideal character. A touching incident is recounted of his interview with Professor Tholuck, of Halle. In parting, the good old German professor threw his arms around Chalmers' neck and gave him a kiss of Christian brotherhood. The inner life of this distinguished man shows how, above all gifts of scholarship or learning, is needed the Divine anointing which alone gives the prophet's power.

The Cabot Calendar, 1897. Compiled by Sara Mickle, assisted by Mary Agnes FitzGibbon, with drawings by M. Cary McConnell and Clara FitzGerald. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50 cents.

This is through and through a Canadian, patriotic production, and one of which we may feel proud—proud that we have such students of Canadian history as these ladies have proved themselves to be—proud that we have such a noble history to record—and proud, too, that our Canadian printers' art can give such beautiful expression to both students' work and the history on which it is based. A copy of this calendar should be in every school. It would be in every way an education in itself, and we are sure it will find its way into thousands of patriotic homes, inspiring the imaginations and ambitions of our children.

N. B.

Poem, Pastoral and Psalm. By Rev. Benjamin Copeland. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50 cents.

These poems are chiefly of the hearth and home, of religion and the domestic affections, and the festivals of the Christian year. They exhibit true poetic feeling and expression.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The Committee on the Extension of the Pastoral Term has recommended that the Model Deed be altered so as to allow ministers to return to circuits at the end of three, instead of six years, as at present, and many would like the pastoral term to be extended to six years.

There are now 12,000 worshippers every Sunday in twelve Wesleyan churches of Manchester.

The Home Missionary Report shows an expenditure for the year of $180,000. There is a deficit of $5,500.

The gross income for the maintenance of Ministers' Children and School Fund for the year is $150,000. The educational section requires $125,000. The boys' school, at Bath, requires $30,000, and the girls', at Trinity Hall, Southport, requires $7,000.

The vicar of Bishop Burton, in Yorkshire, has done a graceful thing, by purchasing a bust of John Wesley from the stewards of the Wesleyan church in the village. He will place it in his vestry. The bust is carved from the wood of a famous elm tree which once stood on the village green.

Wesley's hymns have been translated into the Dahomian language.

A new missionary volume, by Rev. F. W. Macdonald, of the Mission House, is announced, entitled, "Work and Workers in the Mission Field."

The various branches of Methodism in Australia, *viz.*, Wesleyan, the Primitive and Bible Christian, have been voting on the forming of a united body. The vote is very largely in favour of forming a united body.

It is contemplated to employ at least eight cars, each with two evangelists, which shall itinerate in Great Britain. During the day books will be sold, and in the evenings services will be held in the open air, or in places of worship as may be agreed upon.

The Wesley Guild has been fairly launched. An inaugural meeting was held in Wesley's chapel, City-Road, London, at which the Rev. H. P. Hughes preached. Miss Hellier, daughter of the late Rev. B. Hellier, was one of the speakers.

Methodist Episcopal.

The *Epworth Herald* says, "India is ten times larger than Japan, China is nearly three times as large as India, and Africa twice as large as India and China combined."

Calvary Methodist church, New York, has within its membership thirty-seven subsidiary organizations, and holds in all 137 services in each active month of the year. Among its philanthropic branches are a free dispensary, where, with an attendant staff of six physicians, 2,249 patients have been treated during the year; an industrial bureau, which has furnished employment to 438 out of 918 applicants; a parish house, where are maintained a kindergarten and nursery. There are 232 heads and officers of departments and organizations.

One of the most important institutions of Chicago Methodism is Wesley Hospital, 343 patients were treated last year, of whom 130 received free hospital service to the value of $3,021, and free medical and surgical treatment valued at $3,002.

Lands and buildings worth two million of dollars have been secured in thirty years, for the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society. Some of these institutions have 600 students. Thousands of young men have gone from these schools who are now preachers, teachers, physicians, mechanics and farmers.

At the service held in Baltimore, for placing a tablet on the site of old Lovely Lane meeting-house referred to in our last issue, Rev. Dr. Buckley said: "Baltimore city has to-day three times as many Methodists as were in the whole United States when the Christmas Conference met in Lovely Lane chapel, while Lovely Lane has grown to comprise 57,000 churches. Allowing fifty feet to each, if these churches were put next to one another, they would form a avenue 253 miles long." Our own Dr. Potts gave an address which is spoken on if the highest terms by the American press.

The latest intelligence from Bishop Taylor in Africa is that he was at Kamastone, where more than 1,000 were present. The Bishop was at this place

thirty years ago, and as it was then, so now, a great number being saved.

A new "History of American Methodism" is in course of preparation by Bishop Hurst and Dr. Gross Alexander, of Vanderbilt University.

Mr. C. N. Crittenden, who spent $65,000 last year on homes for the rescue of fallen women, held a two-weeks mission in Washington. The ministers of all denominations rendered valuable assistance.

The Board of Education has under its care 200 academies, colleges, and universities. The income last year was $86,442; 1,631 students of twenty-five different nationalities, in 134 institutions, were assisted by loans on easy terms.

Primitive Methodist.

Rev. Thomas Jackson made the Clapton mission a grand success. It is now contemplated to purchase a valuable property in another neighbourhood, where he will have a large staff of agents under him. The new property will cost about $40,000. It was built at a cost of $90,000.

In connection with the Sunday-schools in the Connexion, there are 1,977 bands of hope, and 197,098 abstainers, an increase in ten years of 154,256 juvenile and adult abstainers, or an increase of 15,000 per annum.

Methodist New Connexion.

Mr. W. Lewis Littlewood has presented Scotland Street trustees, Sheffield, with a centenary gift of property valued at $16,940. The first representative Conference was held in this church.

Bible Christian.

Farewell meetings were held at Chatham in connection with the departure of Miss Howe for China.

In order to increase the interest in missionary work, a series of booklets is being published, dealing with different phase of the China work.

Dr. Keen is becoming a popular author. His last book, "Tom Shannon and His College Chums," is having a wide sale.

The Methodist Church.

The church at St. Mary's, London Conference, has been completely renovated and enlarged, at an outlay of several thousand dollars. $4,000 was obtained at the opening services. The church is said to be one of the finest in Ontario.

A splendid new church at Brockville supersedes the former edifice, which rendered good service for Methodism from its introduction into Canada. It is exceedingly gratifying that in eastern Ontario, where Methodism took its rise, it still maintains a first place among the religious denominations. About $20,000 was contributed to the trust funds.

Revival services have been held extensively both in city and country. The conversions already amount to hundreds.

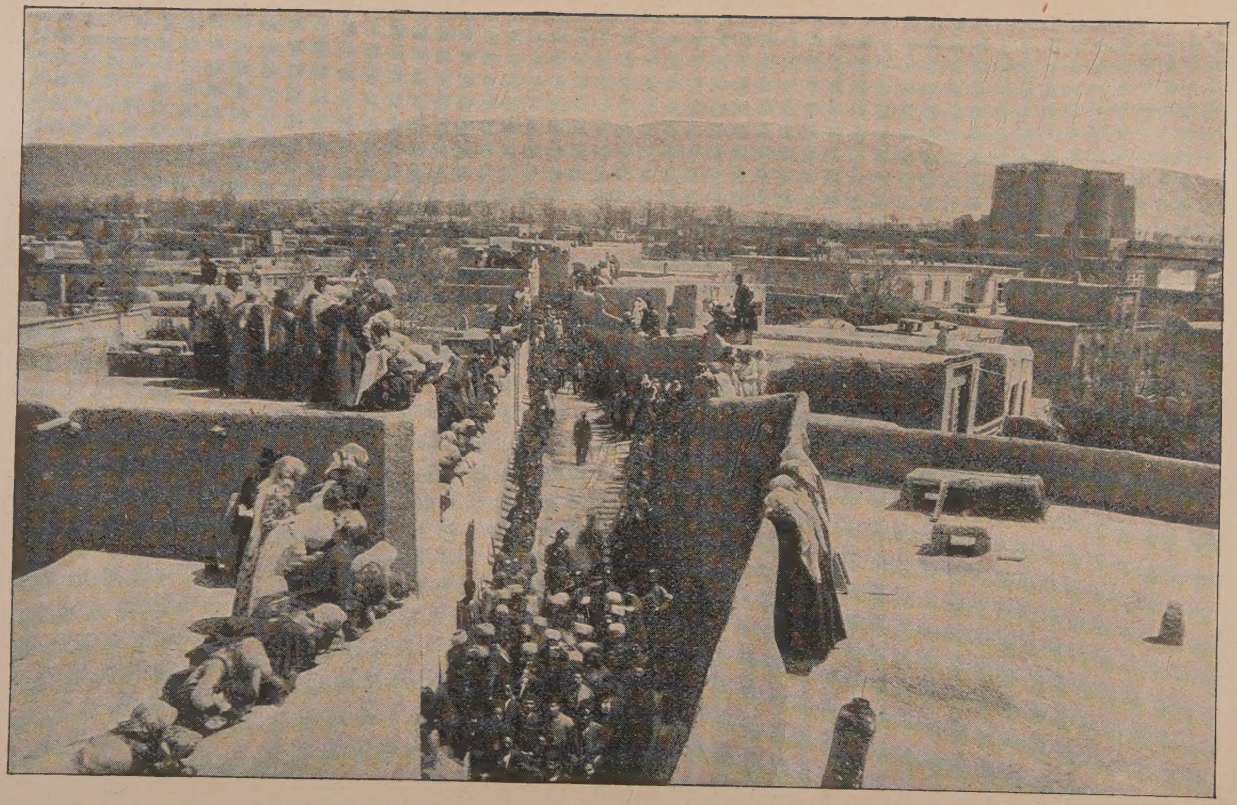
Dr. Potts has scarcely been free a single Sabbath from engagements on behalf of the Educational Society. Dr. Henderson has gone almost everywhere stirring up the churches on behalf of the missionary cause. Both these brethren report augmentation of funds in almost every instance. Dr. Carman, the General Superintendent, though a resident in Toronto since November last, is only occasionally at home. His programme of engagements at church dedications and other special occasions requires almost constant travel and absence from home.

The Editor and Book Steward have been engaged almost every Sabbath endeavouring to arouse our people to a sense of their duty on behalf of Connexional literature. From what we have heard we anticipate a large addition to the list of subscribers both to the *Christian Guardian* and Methodist Magazine and Review.

While these pages are passing through the press, the meetings in connection with the Forward Movement in Missions are being held in Toronto. On Sunday, special missionary sermons were preached simultaneously in thirty-five of our churches. We are glad to note that a large number of leading laymen took part in these services. Of the missionary breakfast, the League rally in the Metropolitan Church, and the mass meeting in Massey Hall, we shall give a condensed account in next number.

Professor Headland, of the Pekin University, is authority for the statement that the Emperor of China is now systematically studying the New Testament, and is at present reading the Gospel of St. Luke.

The Secretary of State for India has made this strong statement: "The Government of India cannot but acknowledge the great obligation under which it is laid by the benevolent exertions made by missionaries, whose blameless example and self-denying labours are infusing new vigour into the stereotyped life of the population placed under English rule.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF TABRIZ, NORTHERN PERSIA.

This is in some respects as typical a Turkish city as any in Turkey. It gives a good illustration of the style of building. A Moslem procession is passing in the street, and the women and children are gathered on the roofs looking over the parapets. In summer the people bring their beds upon the roofs to sleep on account of the extreme heat.